BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN FIERCE COMBAT

FIGHTING Hellcats

NUMBER 5 $8.00

- Topless Tough Girls
- Wrestling Twins
- Wrestling Orgy
- Annies Fanny Smother
- Big Tit Tussle
- And Much More!

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BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN FIERCE COMBAT

FIGHTING Hellcats

"COACH KEN WRITING FROM KEN'S KORNER"

Ladies and Gentlemen, in this "korner" we have Coach Ken and in the other corner, I'm waiting for Y*O*U, our readers, to write to me! Right now I've got to take on our Publishers and try to convince them to let Y*O*U have your say in FIGHTING HELLCATS, the most distinguished and outstanding magazine of its type. While you think about living out your fantasies, we deal with the reality of FIGHTING HELLCATS!! The Champion Publication that presents every form of female combat, boxing bitches, women wrestlers, Amazons in action, the lusty ladies of Penthouse style cat-fighting, Coach Ken knows about them all!

Writing from my "korner," I'm seeking your thoughts, ideas, personal experiences and desires for FIGHTING HELLCATS. I know you must have some good ones since you're reading our magazine. I'll be happy to referee your arguments and disputes, but the old Coach is looking for some real knockout letters or at least a solid TKO. If things get to hot, I've got a well used water bucket in my "korner" to cool things off.

Share your fantasy with me or an experience you'd like to see, either in your mind or on the pages of FIGHTING HELLCATS. Have you ever had the itch to see a big busted braggard bitch knocked down or shown up!?!?! Who can deny the erotic entertainment and excitement of seeing two FIGHTING HELLCATS presented in action in every issue of our classic publication for your viewing pleasure? Don't you think that "special" friend might enjoy reading about your fantasy or how you're not only ready, but willing to fight to prove it?

We travel around the world to bring you the very best, newest and most exciting forms of female fighting. Why not tell the Coach the "what & who" you'd like to see pitted against one another. A slender but savage Oriental, a big bad Black beauty, a brutal busty blonde, a mean, mauling Mexican or who!?!? When it comes to a battling bitch, there's no room for any bias in FIGHTING HELLCATS. Now I know a few of you may send in real lightweight letters, but I'll bet most FIGHTING HELLCAT readers will submit Heavyweight correspondence to the Coach. Ken's "Korner" might even crown one special letter as the Champion of the issue, along with a few close contenders, additionally several are likely to be ranked as real Featherweights, maybe even in the "poop-butt" class. Be sure to tell Coach Ken if you want your name published otherwise it will be held confidential.

I know that you sophisticated sports fans are already looking for a pen or typewriter and anxious to join Ken's "Korner" and I really would like to hear from you to see what you've got to say. O.K. FIGHTING HELLCAT FANS, return to your corners and come out writing!!!!!!!!!

Coach Ken Wilder

CONTENTS

ANNIES FANNY SMOTHER 4
GOLDEN CAT Vs. SONYA GONZALEZ 8
WRESTLING TWINS 13
FICTION AND DRAWINGS 16
PINNED AND CONQUERED 19
TANKTOP TURMOIL 20
WRESTLING ORGY 24
BACK BREAKING BITCH 28
CASEY'S SKETCHBOOK 32
KITTY BECOMES A TIGRESS 34
TOPLESS TOUGH GIRLS 40
BIG TIT TUSSEL 44

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Readers' Letters

Dear Jake,

An article in Fighting Hellcats reminded me of an incident that recently took place where I live. It's a true story and I was lucky enough to witness it and thought that your readers might enjoy hearing about it.

The fight came about as a result of a violent argument between two women who live in the same house as I do. The dispute took place due to their children having a petty quarrel and each told their mother about it. It involved a brunette by the name of Anne who was the aggressor and a somewhat timid blonde by the name of Mary.

Anne went to Mary's apartment, pounded on the door and upon opening it, the smaller blonde was confronted with shouting threats and the enraged temper of her not very friendly neighbor. Mary tried to calm her, but Anne pushed her way into the blonde's apartment and with no warning, hit her with several stinging slaps. Mary wasn't prepared for such a violent outburst and found herself on the receiving end of some vicious hair pulling.

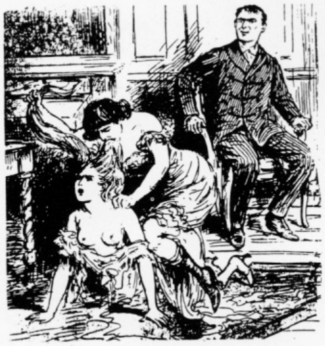
The burnette was like a wild woman as she attacked Mary's breasts and the blonde was screaming and howling in pain. The blonde housewife finally managed to land a brutal knee into Anne's crotch and the tide of battle changed for a few moments. However, Anne was just to big and tough for the smaller blonde and planted her big butt in Mary's face and she had to beg for mercy, submissively giving up.

I enclosed some drawing of this fight which I'm sure your readers will enjoy seeing.

Sincerely,
Silvio
Genoa, Italy

Dear Fighting Hellcats,

I just finished reading your latest issue and your magazine really is improving. I especially enjoyed Casey's sketchbook and hope we can see more of it. Perhaps you could get him to illustrate a five or six page cartoon story. I'd like to see this featuring two black girls who are evenly matched in size and measurements and it should be in the nude. It could be both brutal as well as erotic with holds applied to the breasts and crotch, but ending in a draw or very close to one so as to encourage a rematch.



I also like the Bare and Beaten feature and hope you'll continue to have such articles of this type. You might want to consider having a few more cartoon stories as most catfight fans really do enjoy them.

Would also like to see more topless fights or at least where the contestants lose their bras or halters. Keep up the good work as you're doing a great job.

Sincerely,
D.S.
Milwaukee, WI

Dear Jake,

I just purchased FIGHTING HELLCATS #4 and it was Fantastic! What happened to the Cynara vs Valerie showdown in the Penthouse Champion Series? Please don't discontinue this feature as it's one of my favorites.

I am a true catfight lover and particularly enjoyed the Trixie vs Wendy confrontation as well as the Sylvia Wright vs Tina Kay Gordon matchup. I might suggest some more graphic pictures to match the script, which describes plenty of action, but they didn't seem to coincide with the photos. Let's get more realistic about catfights and show the "Real Action" that explodes when a pair of jungle cats tangle and claw their way to victory.

I have a super collection of catfight material (20 years worth) and we all have our favorite fighters. There are fights that we'd pay most any price to see, since catfight fans rarely agree (as in any competitive sport) as to who the best really is. I hope that Fighting Hellcats can get new matches of us to enjoy. One of your readers indicated that he had never seen or heard about Annie Owens ever losing a match. Well neither have I, but if she ever tangled with Lisa Deleeuw, Annie would get her ass kicked. This would be a great match or maybe a Rosmary Lorenz pitted against Connie Sanchez would also be equally as exciting, although I think Connie would take her, but not by much. How about in a rematch, Tina Kay Gordon and Sylvia Wright to put on the boxing gloves in a five round punch-out. This would help to settle the blonde/brunette feud.

Kevin L.
Oakland, CA

Dear Fighting Hellcats,

I've been a long time fan of your magazine and think it's really great! Would like to tell you about a fantasy match I'd love to see and how I envision it turning out.

It would be billed as "The Battle of the Blondes," with Shelly Tell going up against Karla Jensen. They'd meet in the middle of the room and mutually agree it would be better if they fought in the nude, so they both strip naked.

Karla was a little faster than Shelly and got the big busty blonde in a leg scissors, wrapping her powerful thighs around Shelly's big vulnerable breasts. She had to use a bridge to escape and pry open Karla's strong legs, which she was finally able to do. Then they get into a hair pulling contest and both women felt as if their scalps were on fire. Tears of pain streamed down their cheeks and both fighters fell to the carpet, releasing their hair pulling holds and catching one another in head locks. Finally Shelly kicked free and the two of them got up.

They ravished one another's bodies, punching and slapping each other until once again they tumbled to the floor in a cross position on their backs, nearly exhausted. Neither had the strength or energy to continue and had to be carried to their respective bedrooms. It was a draw this time, but at their next match, each has sworn victory.

D.C.
Boca Raton, FL

ANNIES FANNY SMOTHER

ANNIE OWENS VS. SYLVIA KENDEL

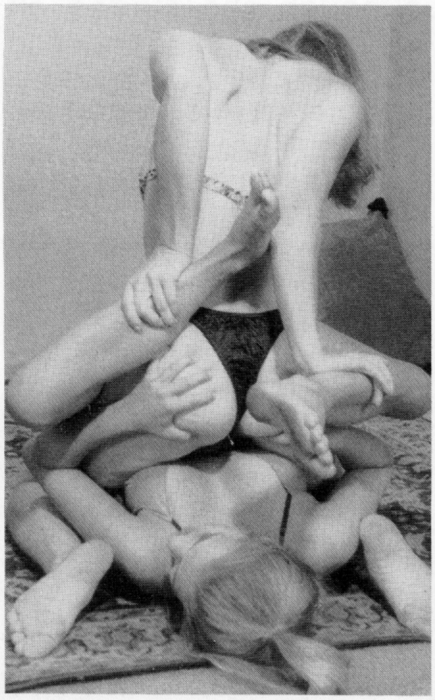
Annie Owens has earned and fought hard to gain the reputation of being one of the toughest penthouse wrestlers in the business and has a long line of victims to attest to that FACT! Not many spectators gave petite Sylvia Kendel much of a chance against the beefy, big busted Annie when it was announced they were going to fight. However, this perk, beautiful blonde had a heart full of determination nearly as large as Annie's well developed bust.

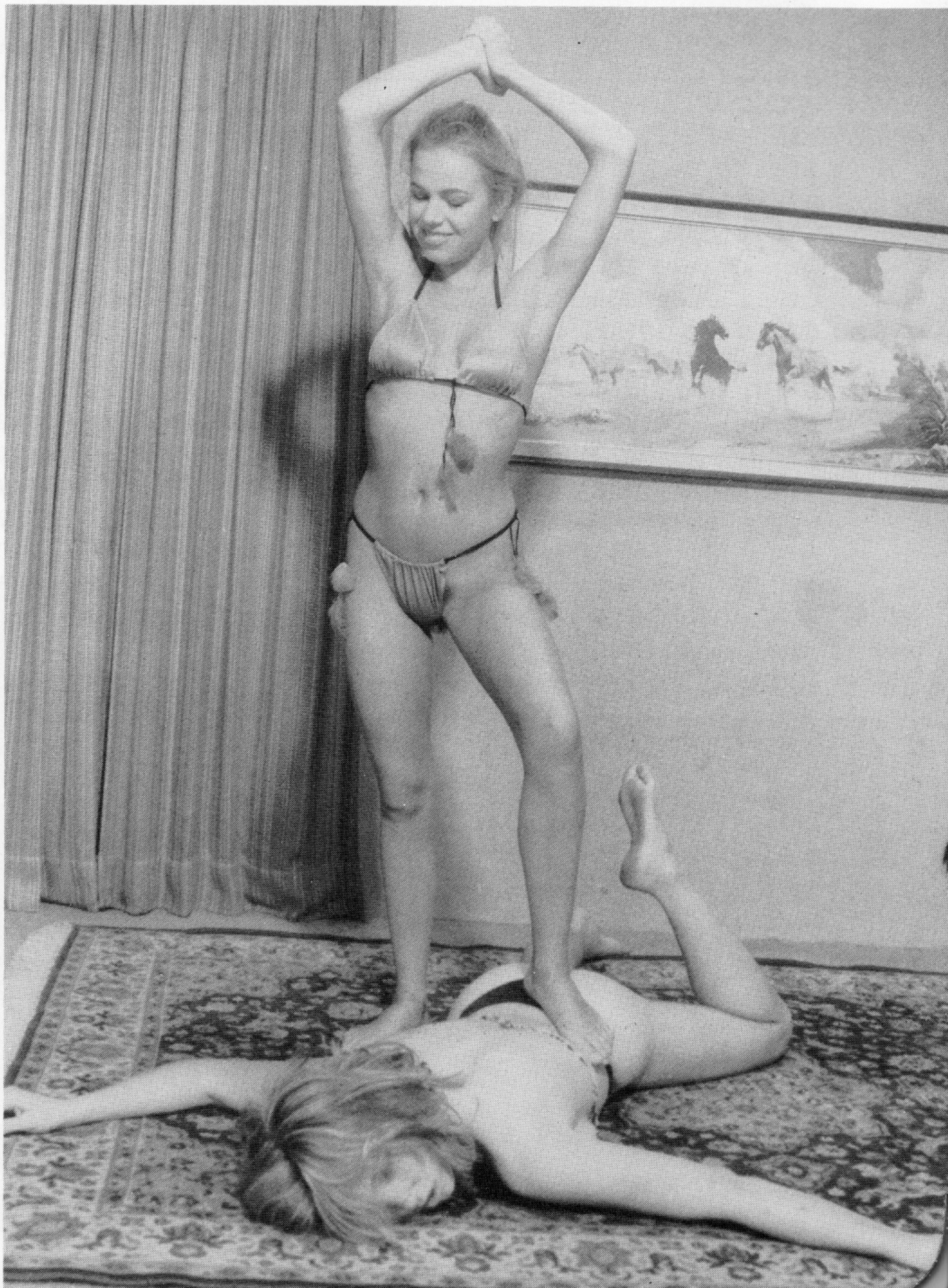
From the onset of their fight, it looked as if sexy Sylvia was totally out of her league as Annie easily overpowered her and she was caught in a partial headlock. Tugging at Syliva's ponytail, Annie effortlessly flipped the smaller girl so that she landed on her back with Annie solidly mounted in a reverse straddle stretch. Sylvia bravely fought back, clawing at Annie's ample ass, while also pulling at her overstrained halter top, that was working overtime to contain those big, heavy tits.

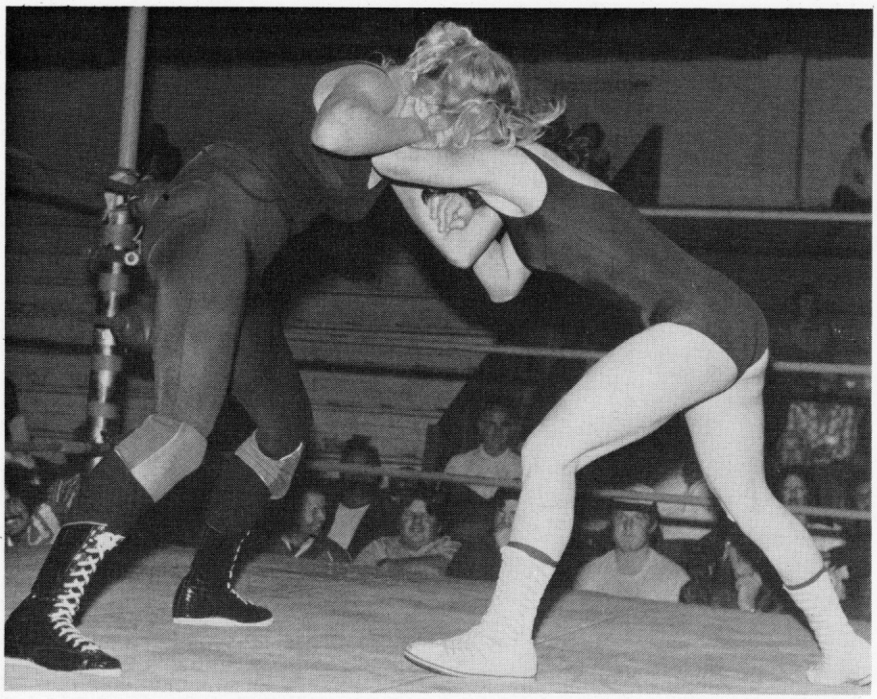
Annie moved back, trying to press her bouncing butt into the blonde's face, which might well have smothered the smaller girl. Not missing a chance to add to her reputation, Annie, true to form, twisted Sylvia's foot up and took a bite out of it. The little blonde was being overwhelmed and Annie completely dominated the fight. Deciding to have some fun and using one of her favorite holds, Annie brought her big bust into the battle as a weapon. She tried for a combination tit smother, breast press, squashing her jumbo jugs into Sylvia's tormented face. It seemed like the short lived fight was all but over, yet to this day nobody is quite certain as to what happened. One thing is for sure, Sylvia went wild and bit Annie's big boob.

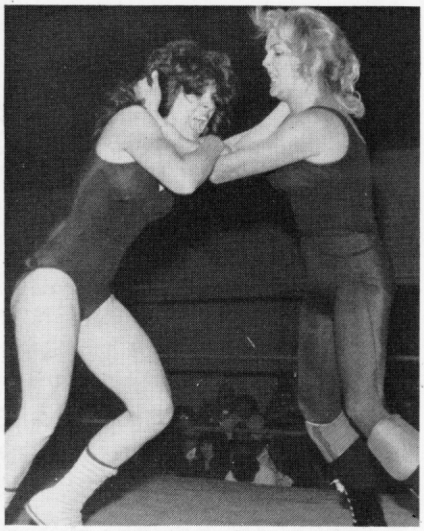
Like a ferocious feline, Sylvia sank her sharp teeth into that tender mound of breast flesh and Annie bellowed out like a wounded cow. The brave blonde threw off her heavier opponent while she was still screaming in anguish from her wounded tit. Then showing the tough ruthlessness that caught everyone by surprise, most of all Annie, Sylvia spun her over with a fistful of hair. Aiming her attack at those tender, grapefruit sized tits that were already injured, Sylvia began squeezing the left boob. Annie tried to counterattack with some breast mauling of her own. A savage kick into Annie's crotch left her groaning and completely on the defensive, but the end was in sight for a major upset.

Spiteful Sylvia was not going to be denied her revenge for the beating she'd been subjected to. She wrapped her slender arm around Annie's throat and choked her towards submission. Annie struggled, but she was seriously weakened when Sylvia mounted her big buns like a jockey riding a horse, tearing at her long hair like a mane. Annie just couldn't take any more punishment and collapsed face down while Sylvia triumphantly looked down at her battered, big busted victim.









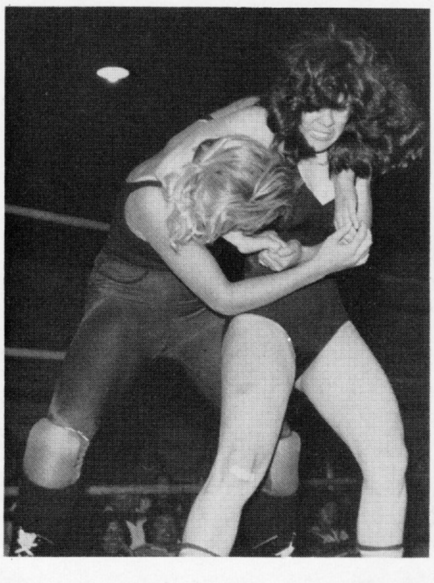
Golden Cat Gets De-clawed

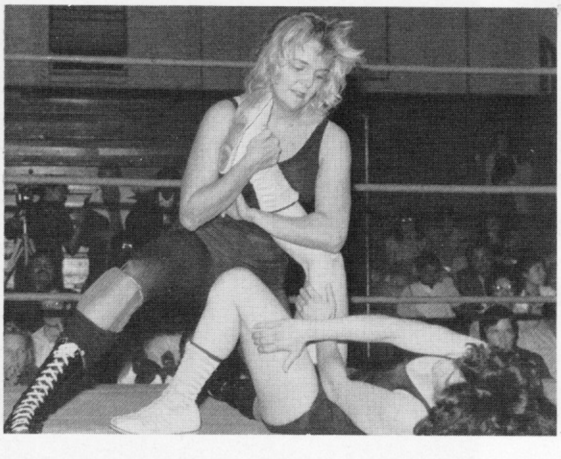
GOLDEN CAT VS. SONYA

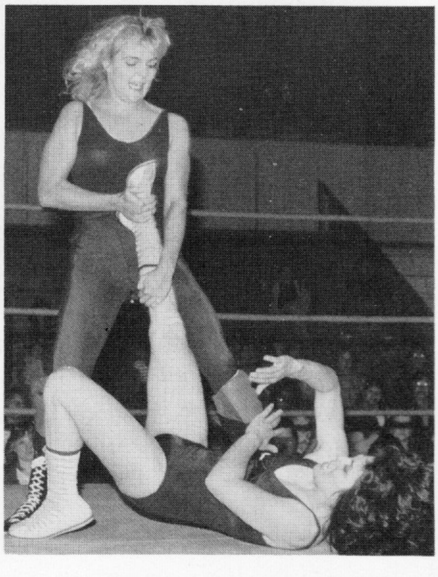
Golden Cat had been spending all of her recent fighting efforts on the Penthouse battle scene and hadn't been in a professional wrestling match or ring for several months. When Sonya Gonzales told the big blonde that she'd lost touch with real fighting and was getting soft, Golden Cat challenged the Mexican to a winner take all, no holds barred brawl in the ring. To add insult to injury, Sonya told the beautiful blonde that she should lose a little lard off her pudgy belly as she'd kick the fat off her bucket ass!

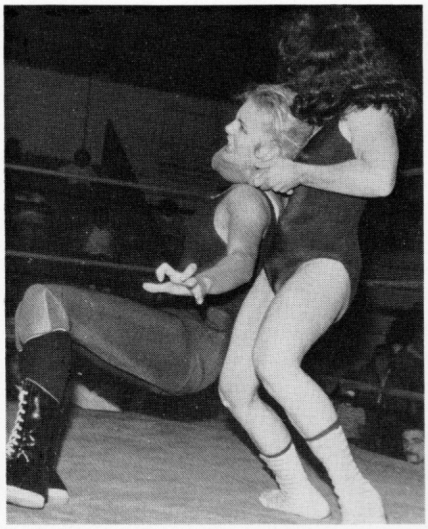
As our photographs so wonderfully depict, perhaps the big Cat was just a little out of condition, for although she started off well, the mean Mexican chewed her up like a taco.

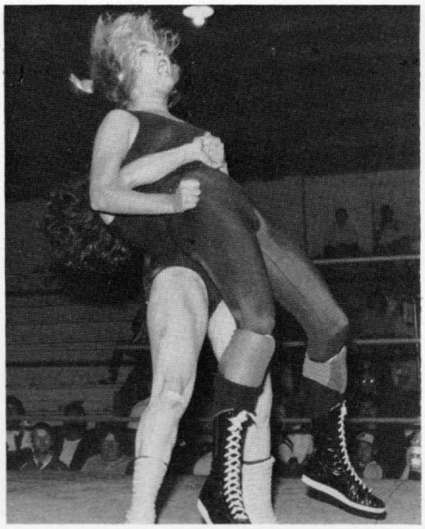
With the help of some hair pulling, Golden Cat was able to drag Sonya to the mat and then applied a step-over-toe-hold. However, the bitter blonde had left herself wide open for trouble and "Trouble" was

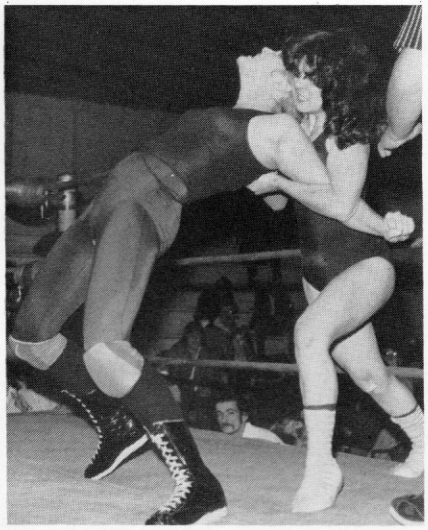






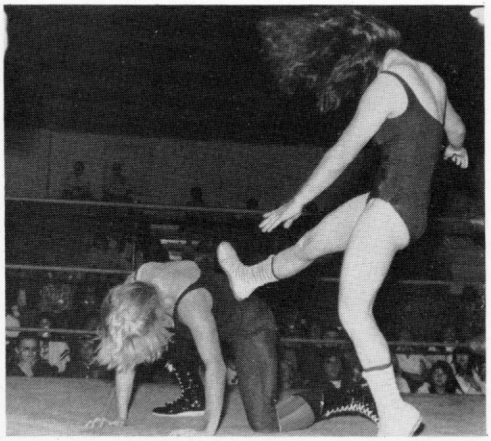


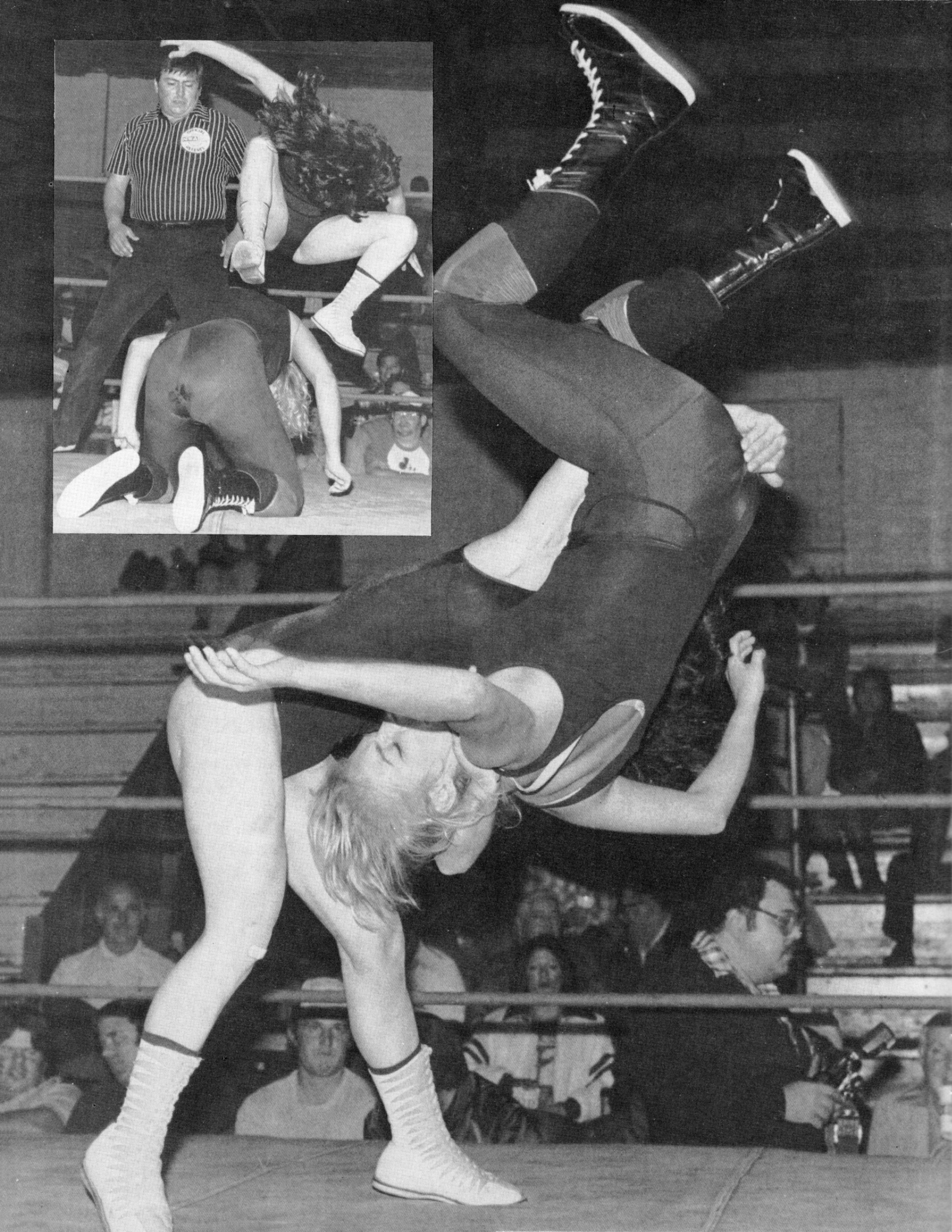




Sonya's middle name when it came to fighting. True to her nickname, the Mexican mauler kicked Cat in the face with the hard sole of her high top wrestling shoe. The blow caught Golden Cat by surprise and she was knocked back several steps, left dazed and staggered.

Now Sonya really went to work with a vengence as Cat was to groggy to put up much more than token resistance to the Mexican's onslaught. First trapping the blonde in a brutal headlock, Sonya was in control as she slipped behind her helpless opponent and choked her with a bar strangle. Golden Cat was gasping and her body slumped when she was hauled up into a steel vise-like grip around her torso. It felt like Cat's ribs were right on the verge of being cracked, as they creaked and strained against the tremendous pressure. Not satisfied with simply beating her, Sonya wanted to publicly humiliate the once proud Golden Cat, which she did! The big blonde was virtually defenseless when she was shoved to the mat and the mean Mexican did a little hair pulling and eye gouging. Utterly helpless, Golden Cat was left on her hands and knees as she fruitlessly struggled to stand up and was easy prey for Sonya who rocked her with a vicious kick into the back. Wanting to teach this big blonde a lesson she'd not soon forget, Sonya pulled the limp body up, hoisted Cat on her muscular shoulder and then savagely body slammed her back down to the mat. It was all over for Golden Cat, but there might well be a rematch in the brewing as the big blonde doesn't accept defeat very well.





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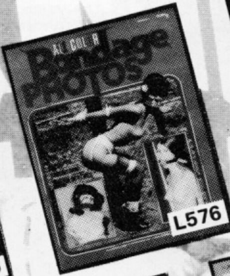
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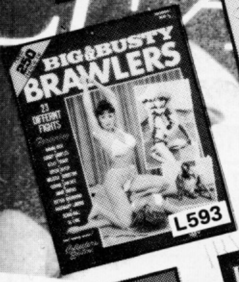
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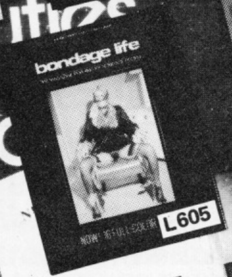
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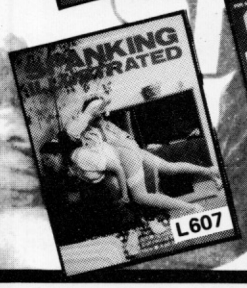
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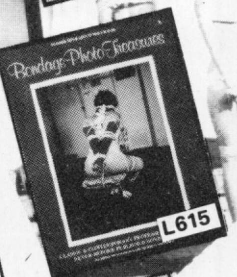
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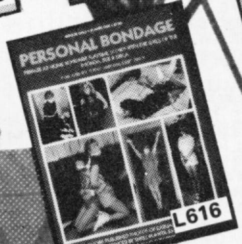
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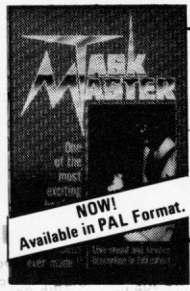

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The Taskmaster trains his slave girl by means of spanking and paddling. He then invites the Dutchess von Stern to sample his slave. Dutchess flogs, binds and humiliates the slave girl. Dutchess is not impressed with the slave girl and informs the Taskmaster. The Taskmaster is enraged, his slave girl is further punished by the Taskmaster for not meeting up to the Dutchess's standards.

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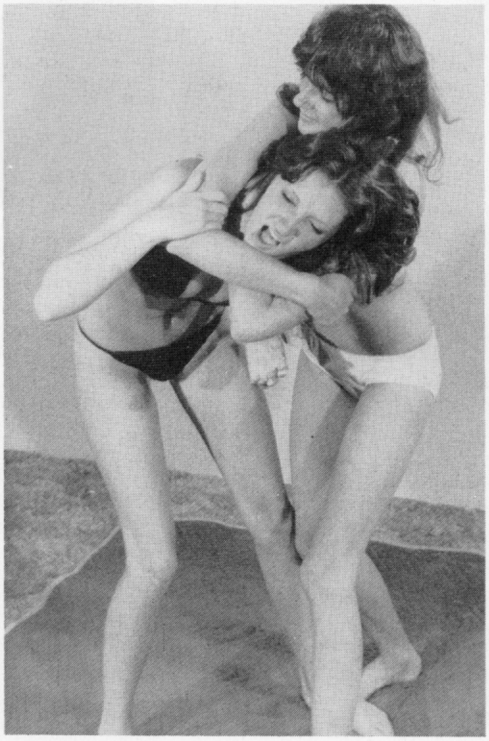
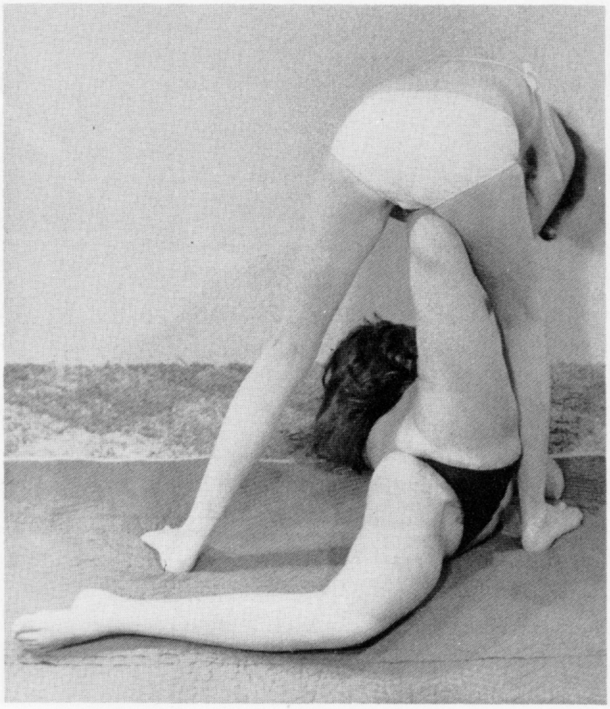
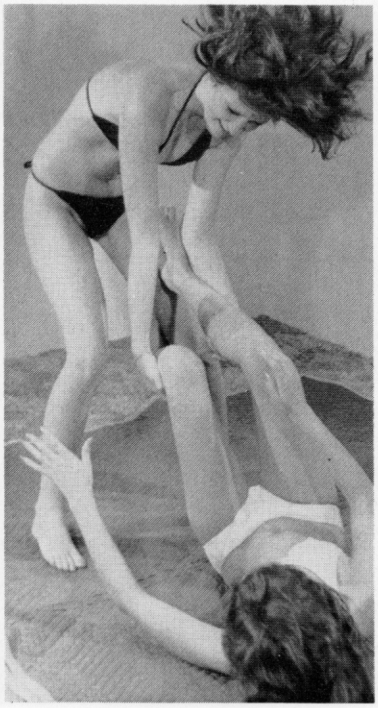
WRESTLING TWINS



CHERI TAYLOR VS. CAROL TAYLOR

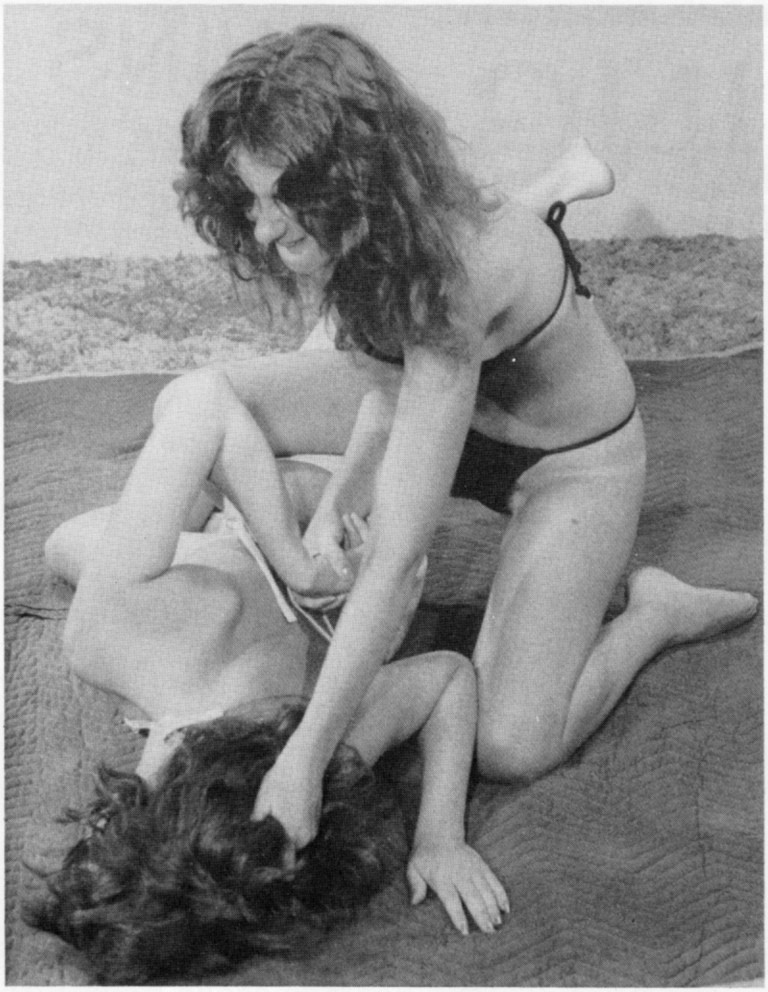


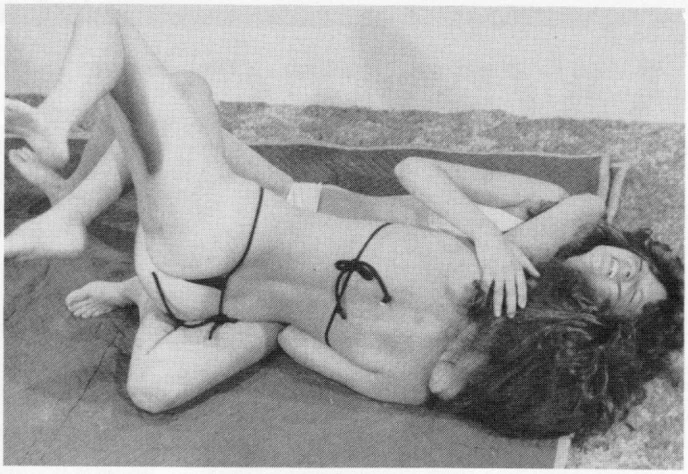


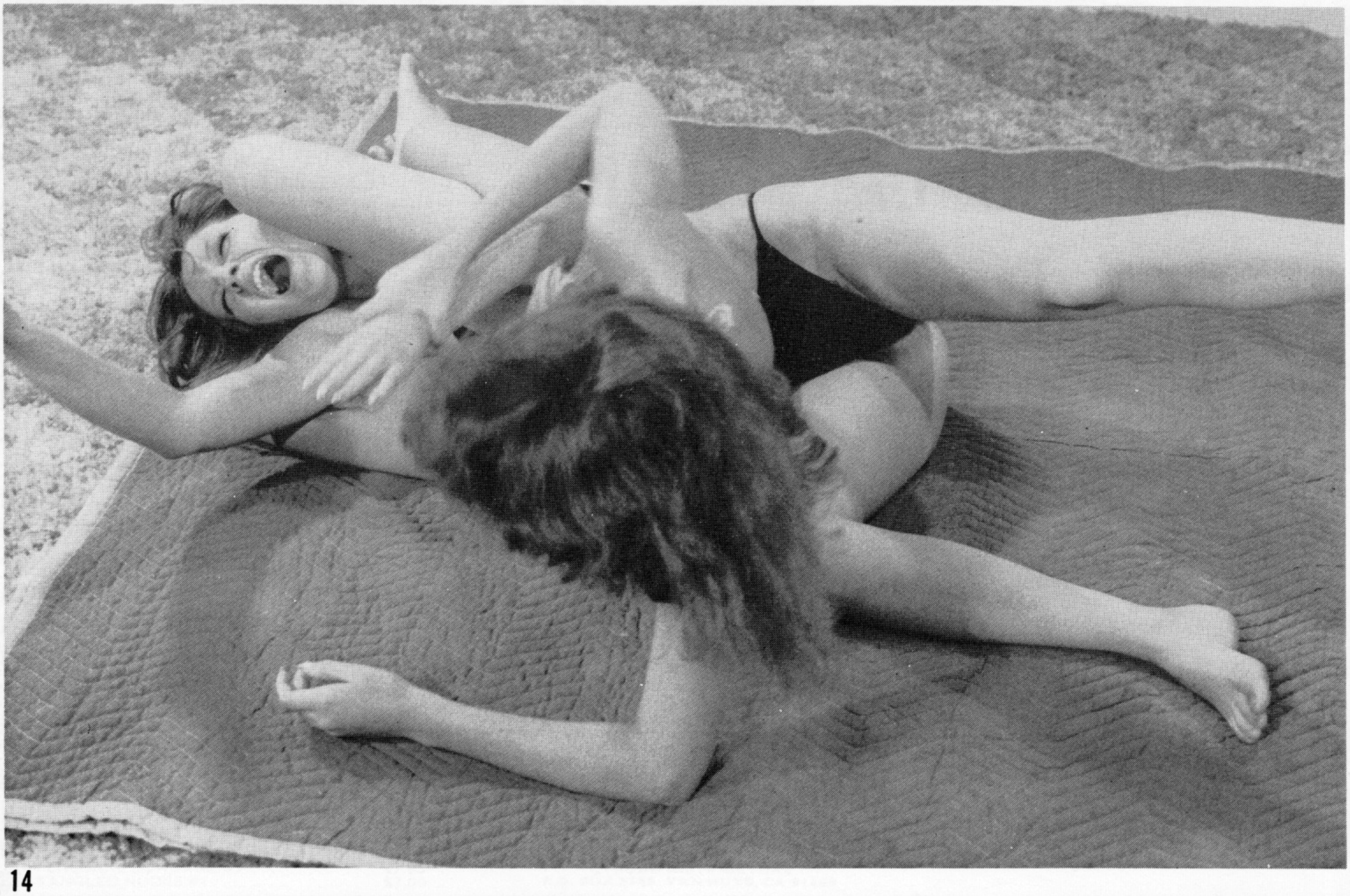
If this is how sisters treat one another, we'd hate to see what enemies might do to each other. One thing is for sure, Cheri and Carol Taylor are having one hell of a feud and they're both anxious to settle their differences in this apartment house fight. From the photographs we took, nobody can doubt that there wasn't a great deal of sisterly love being shown in their battle.

The girls were perfectly matched in height, weight and fury, which they certainly took out on one another. For the first few minutes of their savage struggle, it appeared that Carol in the white string bikini was going to overpower her namesake, who was clad in a black string bikini.

Carol got her sister in a deadly headlock and then quickly moved it into a dangerous stranglehold. Carol's professional wrestling experience was put to good use as she moved from one crippling hold to another in a free flowing motion. Sheri finally managed to turn the table on her not to living sister and landed a kick into Carol's shapely butt, with the impact sending her flying head first into the wall. The entire tide of battle was reversed, for now Carol is on the receiving end of a painful leg stretch. Then seeing the chance to further hurt and humiliate Carol, Sheri turned her over by the hair and twisted her arm in a painful hammerlock. Forcing







Carol's head against the rough carpet gave Sheri a certain sense of sadistic power, grinding her sister's face down even harder into the coarse fabric.

Carol bravely fought back and the Taylor sisters rolled and tumbled across the floor, ending up in a duel leg scissors hold upon one another. For several seconds the two of them were choking and strangling each other, until Carol raked her short, sharp nails along the inside of Sheri's thigh. She howled out in agony, desperately trying to roll away from her savage sister. Deciding it was now or never to finish this fight, Carol caught Sheri in a throat crushing strangle hold from behind. Her sister was gagging for air and was on the verge of passing out when Carol spun her over on to her back. Firmly straddling Sheri, Carol pinned her arms against the carpet as only a sweet, loving sister would.

WHO LEARNED THE LESSON

COMING into the otherwise deserted classroom, Julie Dulverton crossed to look at a drawing produced by one of the other pupils on the blackboard and easel. It depicted a woman with semi-Afro style hair, wearing a very short min-dress and extremely high heeled shoes, with two enormous breasts. Under the sketch was printed, "TITTY RITA, The Biggest Boobs In The School!"

"I don't know about *that!*" Julie sniffed disdainfully, glancing downwards. "I bet I can show her for *most!*"

If anybody else had been present, they might have considered there was some justification for that statement!

Although only eighteen years old and with curly yellowish-blonde hair framing a pretty face, Julie already had a thirty-eight inch bust. Furthermore, her five foot six inch figure had "hourglass" lines many an older woman would have delighted to possess. Her contours were displayed to good advantage by the school uniform she had on. Open necked and with a more daring than seemly decollete, having short sleeves from which emerged clearly strong arms, her white blouse hugged the firm twin mounds of her bosom and trim waist like a second skin. The lightweight grey skirt conformed just as well to her curvaceous hips and buttocks, ending just above her knees. Shown off by black stockings, her sturdily shapely legs ended in black pumps with medium heels.

"You *impertinent* young devil, Dulverton!" barked an irate feminine voice from behind the girl. "Get that blackboard cleaned right *now,* then I'll *deal* with you!"

"I *didn't* draw it, Miss Coxon!" Julie protested, turning around.

Despite being rather exaggerated, the sketch on the blackboard was not entirely a fabrication!

About the same height as the girl, with rusty-brown hair in the illustrated semi-Afro pile, there was a grim expression on the otherwise attractive face of Rita Coxon as she stalked forward. Being in her early thirties, the style of her attire was not what some people would have considered entirely suitable for a schoolteacher. In fact, the unknown artist had created a good caricature of her on the blackboard. While not quite as short as suggested by the drawing, leaving bare her shoulders, back and arms which were muscular without loss of femininity, the halter-necked green satin mini-dress she had on clung like a second skin elsewhere to her well endowed body. Forced apart by two breasts just as firm and perhaps an inch larger than those of Julie, the neckline plunged to a close to indecorous level. The snug fit of the brief skirt emphasised a curving of the torso which opened out to well defined hips and indicated there was only a minimum of underclothing beneath the material. Well formed thighs and calves, embellished by black net stockings, were given emphasis by high heeled silver shoes. However, regardless of her appearance, she conveyed an impression of being as fit and healthy as her pupil.

"Don't *lie* to me!" the schoolteacher snapped, having a "low boiling point" when annoyed. "You're the only one here, so *you* must have done it!"

"It was *done* when I came in!" Julie protested, possessing a temper as quick as that of the red headed woman. "So I'm *not* going to clean it off!"

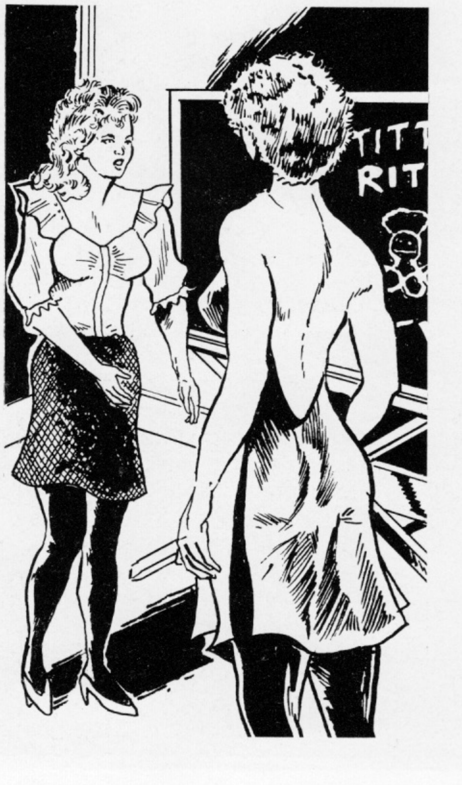
"Don't *argue* with *me!"* Rita shouted, grabbing the girl by the shoulders and starting to shake her. "I'll *teach* you a lesson i—!"

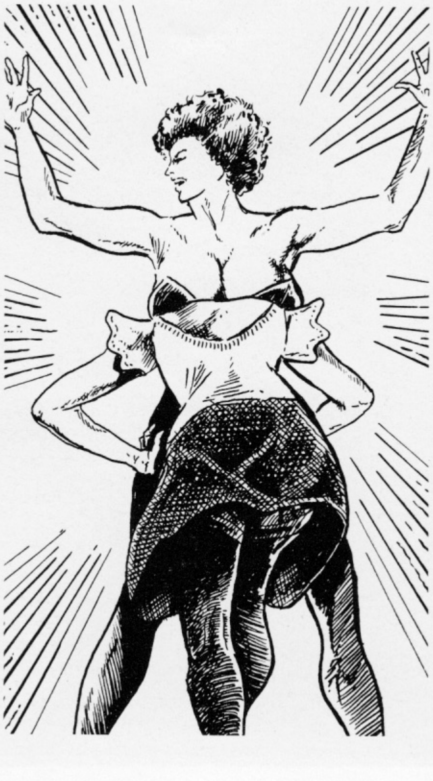
"You won't teach me *anything!"* the girl yelled indignantly, considering the treatment was being administered unfairly. "Let go!"

Bringing her hands up while making the denial, Julie laid their palms on the massive mounds of the teacher's far from excessivly covered bosom. Saying the final two words, she gave a shove which was hard enough to free her shoulders and send Rita staggering a couple of steps. However, realizing what she had done was not in keeping with acceptable behavior when dealing with a schoolteacher. Before the intended apology could be made, giving a hiss of rage, the red head forgot their relationship within the school and responded as she would have if in contention against somebody closer to her own age.

Walking into a left handed slap which jolted her head aside, the blonde retaliated as instinctively as it had been delivered. Whipping across, her left palm whacked Rita's right cheek with equal force. A moment later, the left side of her face received the same treatment. Instead of replying in kind, she knotted and swung a right cross to the jaw which drove the red head back a couple of steps. The punch she received in return was hard enough to send her spinning against and knocked over the blackboard and easel. The clatter they made as they fell to the floor caused a belated appreciation of what was happening to strike Rita, but she was not granted an opportunity to rectify the worsening situation.

Contriving to keep on her feet, Julie reacted as she had found most effective





when in conflict with other girls. Ducking her head, she charged to ram its crown into the red head's imposing bust. A squawking gasp left Rita as she was propelled backwards. She did not go down, but any remaining thoughts of seeking a reconciliation were driven away completely by the blonde darting up and sinking both hands into her rusty-brown semi-Afro piled locks starting to pull vigorously. Age-old instincts and a fiery spirit induced Rita to reply in kind. Teacher-pupil relations were now entirely forgotten, replaced by sheer feminine fury. They twirled around and around, each seemingly trying to haul the other's hair out by the roots. The fury they were expending bowed them forward at the waist, which in turn lessened the effectiveness of attempts at kicking at opposing shins.

More by chance than intention, the teacher pushed the pupil until she was pressed against a desk. Holding her there with one hand still grasping blonde curls, the other was used to clutch and twist at Julie's face as if trying to tear it off. If members of the opposite sex had been present, they might have found the view from behind presented by the combatants most erotic.

Leaning over the girl she had tilted backwards across the desk, the short skirt of the red head's tightly filled mini-dress rode up until her far from the extensive black lace panties could just be seen below the hem. The white flesh of shapely thighs above the black net stockings was rendered even more prominent by the scarlet slashes of the frilly suspendeer straps descending across them. The strain imposed by pressing against the floor to hold down the struggling girl caused the left high heel to snap. Although the loss almost caused her to be dislodged, she managed to kick off first the damaged and then the whole shoe without losing her advantageous position. However, she was compelled to brace her spread apart feet to help retain it. Doing so entailed a chafing against the floor which rubbed a hole in the sole of her right stocking and the material crept up until her foot was bared to ankle level.

Although less visible from behind, what could be seen of Julie was equally sensual. Flailing in the air with a fury which sent the shoes flying from her feet and burst her left knee through the sheer material of the black stocking, her legs were displayed on either side of her assailant's bulkily well rounded buttocks. Due to the grey skirt being so tightly filled under normal conditions, the strain split the right side along its seam and the hem was shoved back almost to waist level. This caused the bare expanse above the stockings to be exposed and across each pillar of alabaster flesh were stretched the four bright green supporting straps from her suspender belt. Oblivious of everything else, her fingers remained entangled and jerking at her assailant's hair.

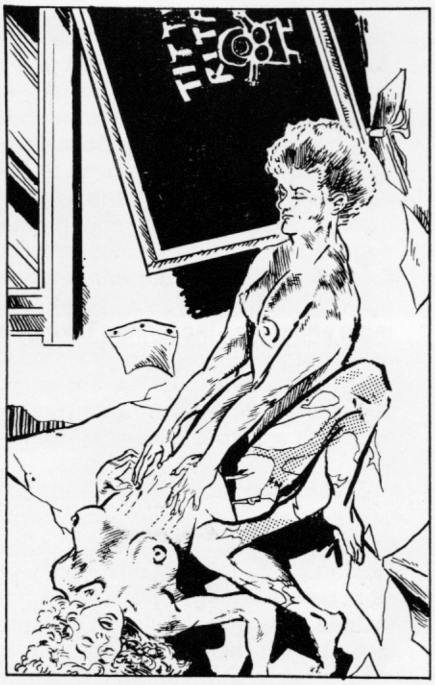
After her cheeks had been subjected to the torment of the clutching fingers for a few seconds, Julie removed her hands from the rusty-brown locks. Reaching around to beat with her fists and try to claw at Rita's shoulders did nothing to alleviate her position. She was unable to put any great force behind the blows and her nails were not long enough to inflict injury or pain. Nevertheless, scrabbling wildly downwards over the red head's bare back, her fingers gripped the top of the dress and, subjected to a harder than previous twist to her face, gave a surging jerk. There was a ripping sound and the material parted far enough down to disclose the strap of a black lace "see-through" bra.

Feeling the garment's snug grip on her torso loosen and realizing why, letting out a screech of anger, Rita released the hair and face. Grabbing the open neck of the blonde's blouse in both hands, she jerked vicously in opposite directions. Not only did all the fastened buttons burst off, it was torn all the way down the front and came from the waist band of the skirt. Not that the even more infuriated teacher restricted herself to just damaging the garment. Dragging Julie from the top of the desk, she gave a swinging heave.

On being released, the girl went reeling across the room with the blouse flapping loose to display her massive young breasts resplendent in white bra as close to opaque as that worn by the teacher. Twisting so her shoulder rammed into the wall instead of her thinly portected bosom, she instantly twirled and thrust herself to meet the approaching red head. Without any preliminary reaching for a hold, they threw their arms around one another's shoulders. Tussling like wrestlers, Rita came out of it with the girl's head tucked under her left arm. Feeling the cleavage of her dress clutched and wanting to prevent further damage, her right hand grabbed Julie's left wrist and pulled it away.

Writhing against the hold, causing her pendulous breasts to pop out of the white lace cups so the bra was above the right and under the left mound, Julie suddenly sank to her right knee and, passing her left leg between the red head's spread apart feet, tilted backwards. They went down on their backs, locked together in a tangle of arms and legs. Although the impact of their descent caused them to unwind their limbs, they did not separate. Instead, they commenced a rolling and purely feminine brawl which took them here and there across the floor without any conscious guidance on either's part.

Four hands were roaming unceasingly over the two closely enmeshed bodies, seeking ways to clutch, mangle, tug, punch or slap at yielding flesh. Shapely legs waved, thrashed and coiled around like aroused snakes, sometimes becoming intertwined as they sought to wrap around some portion of the opposing feminine anatomy. Without deliberately intending to do so, Julie snapped the neck strap of the mini-dress she had already caused to dangle lóosely by tearing its back. The bodice fell away shortly before Rita just as inadvertantly wrenched both blouse and skirt from the girl. Instinctively seeking revenge for what was happening to their own clothing, each did further damage and left the outer garments lying on the floor as they rolled onwards. Every stocking developed or had holes snatched in it by inadvertantly clutching hands and some, but not all four on any one, of the suspender straps came loose. While this was happening, yielding to jerking fingers, their bras disintegrated to leave bulging breasts bare for punishment.



Reduced to just briefs which fully justified the designation, suspender belts and ruined stockings, the embattled duo did not allow their extremely skimpy remaining attire to lead to any slackening of their efforts. Rather the opposite, in fact. Their struggling continued with unabated fury, but neither gained any ascendancy for more than a short period at a time before having it wrested from her and being placed in difficulty in her turn. No matter which gained the upper position during the rolling mill, being so evenly matched in size, weight and strength, the other soon dislodged and supplanted her.

Kneeling astride Rita's torso, Julie had reached back and was hauling her shapely legs into the air. Before anything more could be done, the teacher reached up to grab the pendulous bare breasts offered so ill-advisedly for such treatment. The grinding to which the alabaster mounds of feminine pulchritude were subjected caused the girl to let go of the red head's ankles. Before she could reach for the hands inflicting the suffering, the liberated legs coiled beneath her armpits. Her bosom was released, but she was hauled backwards from her perch.

Having escaped from her predicament, Rita wrapped her limbs about Julie's waist just above the curvaceously spreading hips and crossed her ankles to help increase the intended constriction. However, the scissors applied from underneath proved to have disadvantages. Feeling the crushing commence, the girl not only grabbed and pushed at the feet, she searched for and started to drum with her heels against Rita's big breasts. The latter had more effect than the former. Taking several impacts on the shapely mammary which her prone position left so vulnerable, the red head unwound her legs and, with a surge, rolled the girl from her.

Scrambling rapidly to their feet, the pair instantly rushed on a converging course. Such was their mutual eagerness to come to grips again, they collided before either could obtain a hold. Instead, they quickly slipped and interlocked their hands behind one another's backs at waist level. Beginning to squeeze, each had an arm on the inside and was equally able to apply pressure which pressed them as tight as two lovers in a double bearhug.

With the four massive mounds being mashed together, hard nipples digging into more yielding flesh, Julie and Rita worked their shoulders to increase the torment each realized from her own feelings they were mutually inflicting. Despite being compressed as tightly as two lovers, they did not find the sensation which was created in any way sexually stimulating. It was merely another way of inflicting suffering on an opponent in combat. What was more, being so close to evenly matched in physical attributes, they soon discovered they had attained a most painful condition of stalemate. Glaring into the opposing pain distorted face, neither could detect any sign of weakening on the other's part. Nevertheless, almost as if hearing and obeying a command from a referee, they uncoupled their hands at the same instant and broke apart.

Standing on wide spread feet, gasping in air and gingerly massaging to restore impaired circulation for their throbbing breasts, the girl and the schoolteacher were glistening with their copiously shed sweat. It flowed down each torso to soak and drip from the flimsy briefs, giving an added transparency to the material. However, the lack of action was merely a brief truce and not the end of hostilities. Letting out somewhat breathless hisses, they came together with fists flying. For the next few seconds, a toe to toe slugging match took place. It was not boxing, for neither made the slightest attempt to block or otherwise avoid the blows sent at her. Each was struck several times on the bosom, hard knuckles digging into the undefended mounds. Other punches found their bellies and rocked their heads, starting blood flowing from a corner of each's mouth.

Stumbling into an involuntary clinch, Julie managed to wriggle around until she had her right arm under Rita's for a half nelson. The left coiled around the teacher's throat for a choking hold which also pulled her head back. Struggling against the strength of her captress, the woman was unable to break free. However, bowing forward her torso, she drove it back so her well rounded buttocks slammed against the girl's lower body. Croaking in pain, Julie could not prevent Rita jerking away from her and she turned instinctively as she stumbled away clutching at her belly.

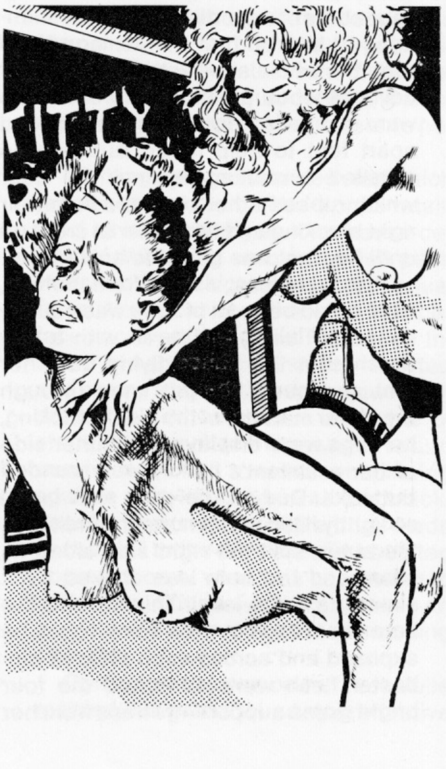
A moment later, the girl had Rita's arms wrapped around her midsection from behind. In addition to being squeezed, she was swung in the air. Brought down, the woman's right knee was thrust between her legs and her crotch slammed against it painfully. Gasping, she threw her head back in agony. Although she reacted with an involuntary response to her suffering, she produced a fortunate result. The back of her head rammed into her assailant's face with some force. Immediately, the constriction on her torso ended. Stumbling forward, grateful to have escaped, a glance over her shoulder informed her that she had repayed some of her suffering. Rita was staggering the other way with both hands clasped to her face.

Determined to make the most of the opportunity she had created, the girl turned. Darting forward as quickly as she could in her exhausted condition, she launched a kick. Passing between the obligingly parted thighs, her rising foot impacted against the base of the teacher's sweat-sodden briefs. Although delivered with far less power than Julie would have been capable of producing earlier in the fight, the attack was sufficient to send Rita stumbling away and folding at the waist. Grabbing a double handful of the rusty-brown locks, the girl dragged and stuffed the woman's head so it protruded between her bulkily shapely thighs.

Transferring her grip to the scarlet suspender belt and black briefs, Julie raised Rita's feet from the floor. Then, falling backwards, she brought off as neat a pile-driver slam as a professional wrestler could have performed. Everything went black for the teacher as her head was rammed against the floor. On being released, she flopped flaccidly across the girl's knees.

Wriggling until able to get up, Julie stood swaying yet in a crouch ready to carry on fighting. Her eyes ran over Rita lying sprawled supine and spread-eagled at her feet. Slowly the implications of the only movement from the teacher was the lurching rise and fall of her massive bosom in accompaniment with air being automatically sucked into lungs sank into the girl's mind and caused a realization that she could be finished. Bending over, Julie slapped the red head's face a couple of times. When this produced no response, her gaze went to the overturned blackboard.

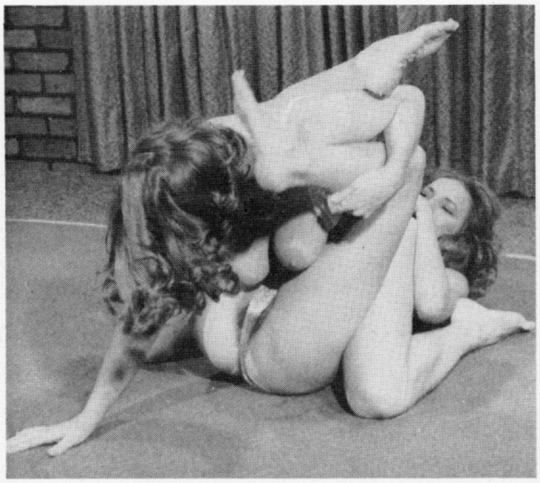
"You said I'd got to clean that picture off, *Titty Rita!"* the girl said, straightening up and grinning in delight. The thrill of victory overrode her exhaustion and suggested what would make it even more definite. Dragging the supine, unresisting teacher by the sweat-soaked rusty-brown hair into a suitable position, she used the tangled wet locks to wipe away the sketch which had caused the fight. Having done so, she rose and went on, "And you were *right.* You did teach me a *lesson,* but I bet it *isn't* the one you intended!"

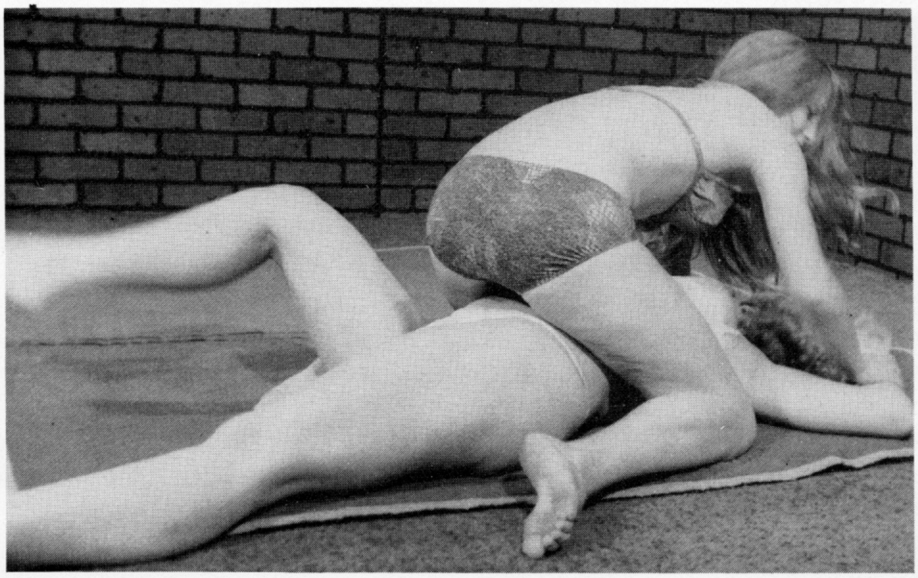


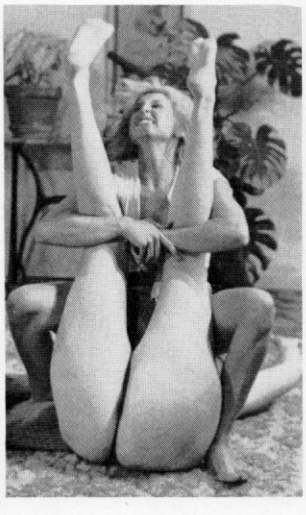
"Conquest — Winner — Vanquished — Defeated — Beaten" are only a few of the adjectives that so aptly describe the ultimate outcome in a clash between fighting Hellcats. That final moment, just before the hard fought triumph, when one fighter knows that she's going to be victorious, while her opponent also realizes that she is about to be conquered, all this and so much more has been captured in these photographs.

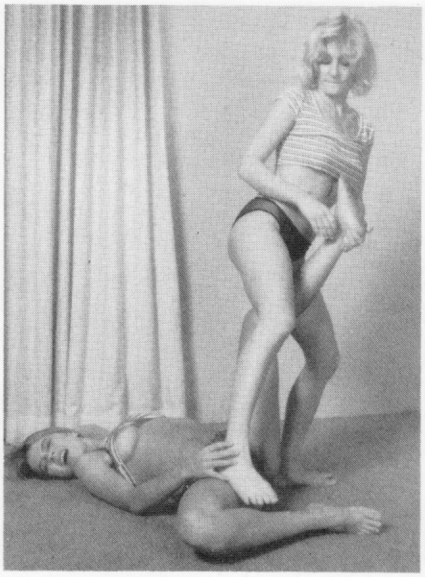
That very special "thrill of victory and agony of defeat" can be easily seen in the expressions of our fighting Hellcats. Thunderous thighs locked tightly, with muscles straining against the sweaty torso of an opponent as she gasps for her last breath. Mauled and battered breasts are squeezed and pressed until they're punished into submission. Full, plump buttocks are turned into weapons as they are placed on frightened, squirming faces. Share the exciting and erotic thrill of seeing utter defeat submit to a violent victress!!!

PINNED + CONQUERED







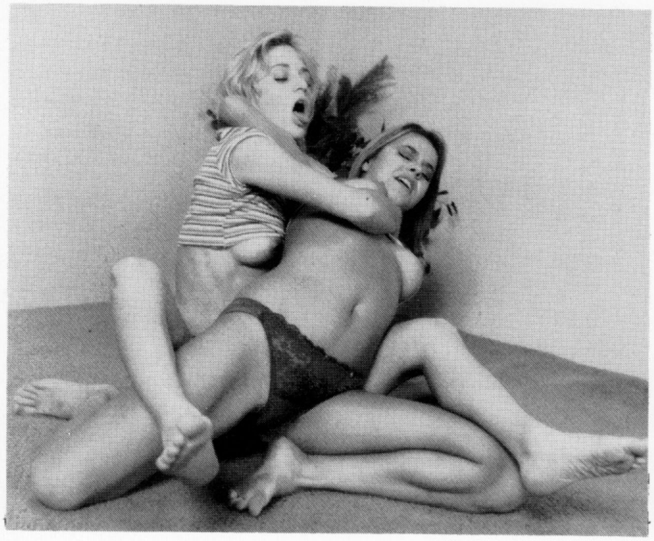


SYLVIA WRIGHT VS. MELISSA CHRISTIAN

TANKTOP TURMOIL

Even under the best of circumstances, two women discovering that they're sharing the same boyfriend is likely to create some real hard feelings between them. However, considering that the females involved are prominent penthouse wrestlers, this certainly wasn't going to qualify as "the best" of those "circumstances!" To say the least, there was some real stormy turbulence brewing between these two professional fighters, who were very evenly matched physically. About the time that Melissa Christian told Sylvia Wright to kiss her ass, they decided right then and there that this rivalry would have to be settled woman to woman. Both of these sexy blondes agreed to invite their mutual boyfriend to witness their battle, for the loser would give him up. A jealous clash of this type is likely to bring out the very best as well as the worst in a woman and neither Sylvia or Melissa let us down. As in ancient times, they were doing battle for a man, just as their Amazon sisters had, in which there could only be one winner!

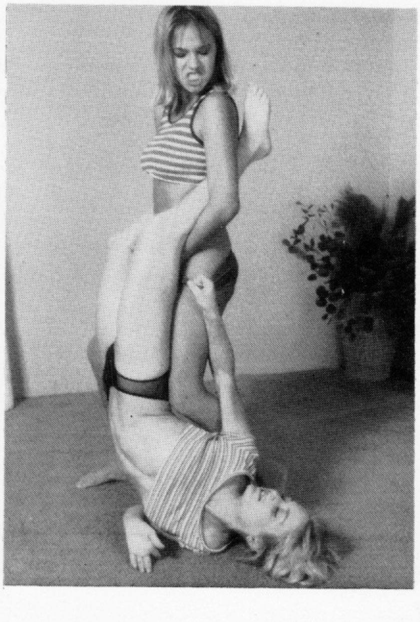
Melissa moved in quickly and got the upper hand, sending Sylvia to the carpet, then using her position of dominance, she caught Sylvia in a modified step-over-toe hold. Not satisfied with this painful grip, Melissa

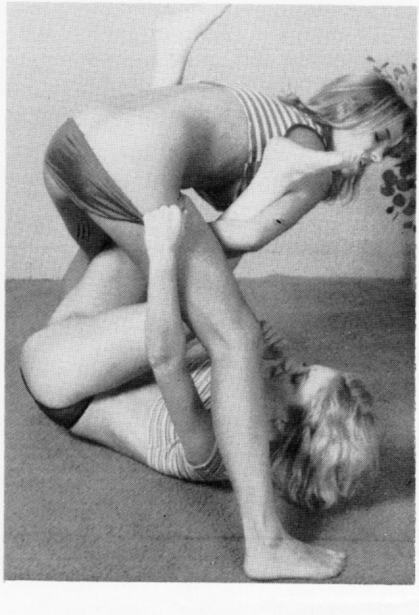


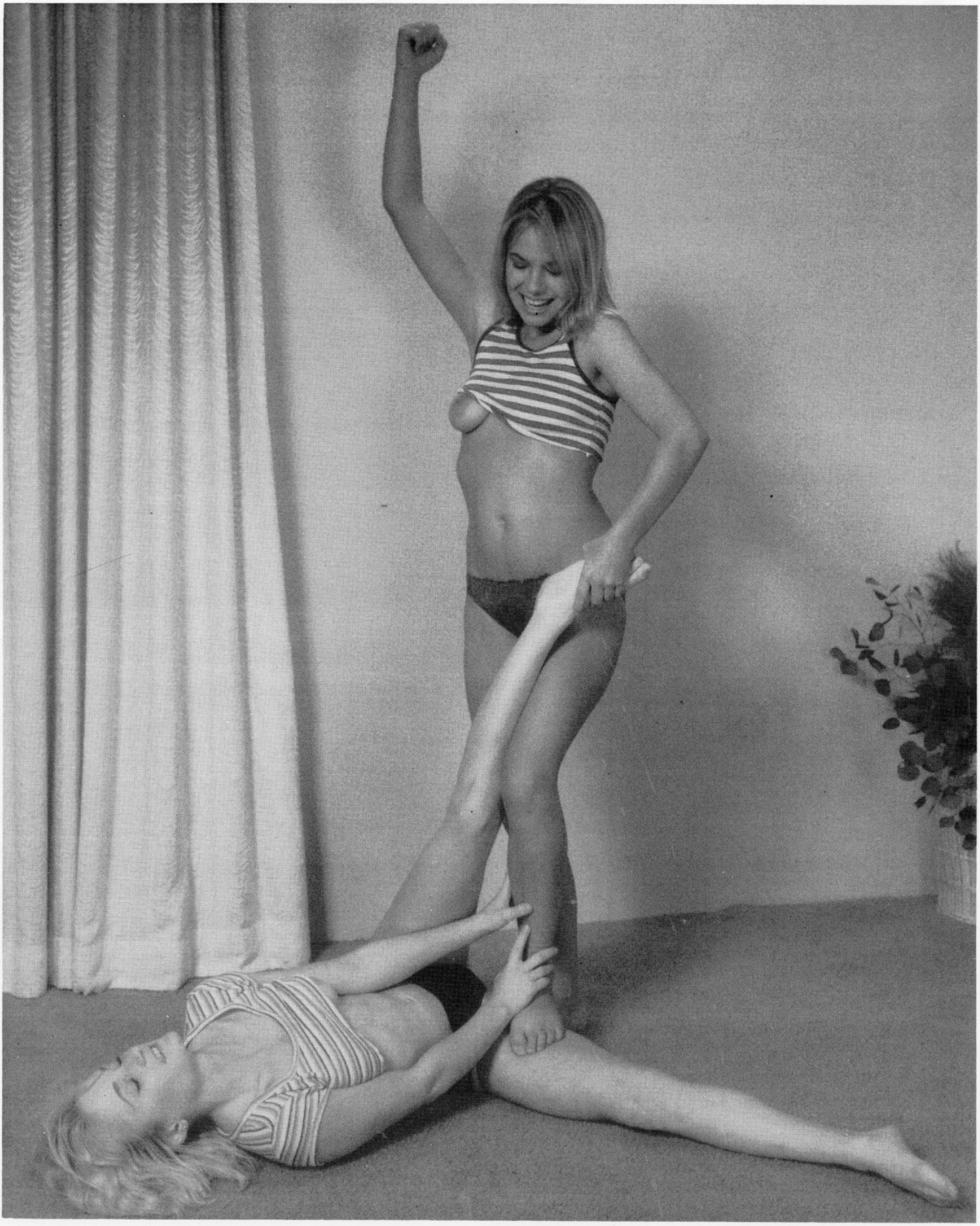
ground her foot down into the thigh muscle of Sylvia's upper leg, dangerously close to her panty covered crotch. The fallen blonde managed to struggle up, but her tormentor had other ideas in mind. Grabbing her from behind, Melissa pulled Syllvia's ponytail while also tearing off her tanktop, exposing her firm, ripe breasts.

Still holding on to Sylvia's shirt, they tumbled back to the carpet with Melissa wrapping her lean, strong arm around her rival's neck. For all intense purposes, Sylvia had lost her tanktop, but while being forced over backwards, she was able to capture Melissa with a grip behind the neck. The two beautiful, sexy blondes strained against each other for several moments, until Sylvia was able to use her leverage and began a slow rolling shoulder flip. Sylvia was finally able to break free and now it was Melissa's turn to be on the receiving end of some punishment. She was in serious trouble and it appeared to be the pathway to defeat for Melissa was caught in a painful, half-shoulder press. She tried gouging her fingers into Sylvia's shapely, muscular calf, but it was to no avail. Melissa was flipped over to her side and in a last ditch effort, she began to pull down Sylvia's bikini panties, but with a fiercesome expression, this tanktop terror wasn't going to be denied her victory or boyfriend.

Sylvia mauled Melissa, forcing her down and before she finished, the battered blonde was begging for mercy, but Sylvia didn't pass up the opportunity to pose majestically over her fallen prey . . . for "HER" boyfriend!





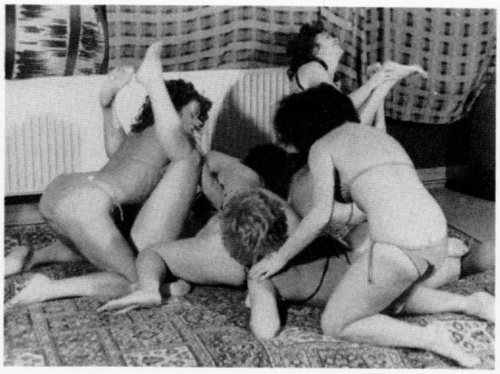


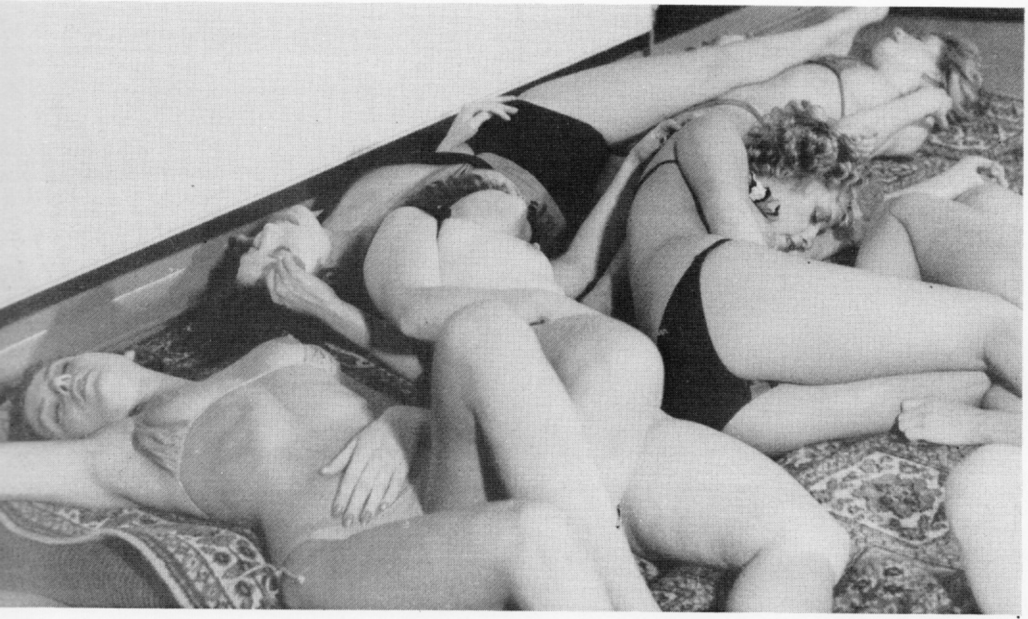
WRESTLING

Our readers have all been treated to the sight of two strong, sexy, savage women fighting it out. A few may have even been fortunate enough to see a tag-team match with four brutal bitches slugging it out in a wild wrestling match. Well, now we would like you to sit back and take a look for the very first time, a once in a life experience with SEVEN, count them if you will, seven fierce fighting females in a free-for-all that has no equal!

We weren't concerned about cold weather, so all the women wore skimpy bikini bathing suits, at least they were clad in them when the berserk battle began. A few halter tops were lost in the hearty, hellcat struggle, but their loss is our gain. These fighters come in all different sizes and shapes, but do share one thing in common, they're all vicious vixens and battling beauty queens.

ORGY

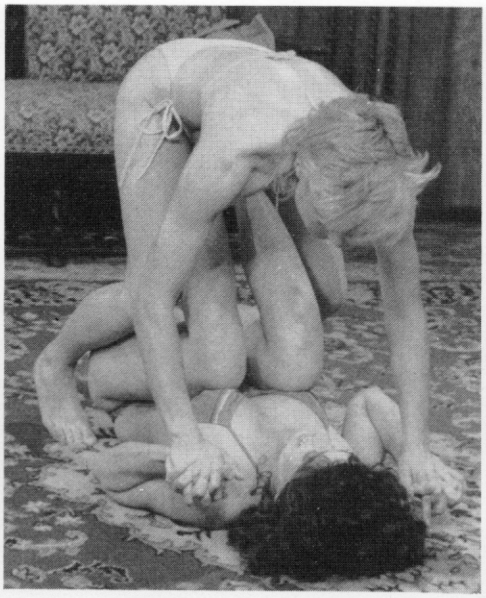




Contests of strength, scratching, breast smothering, wrestling, hair pulling and every other possible scene you've longed to see as this personalized womanly war has been captured in these fantastic photographs. Yet the most astonishing sight takes place at the conclusion of their battle. All seven violent vixens lay exhausted in a tangle of arms, legs, well rounded buttocks, breasts and matted hair.

Initially, all six decided to attack one big busted, dark haired she-wolf, who was quickly de-fanged and never really had a chance to avoid being ravaged. It didn't take very long for her to be knocked out of the competition with six pairs of hands working towards her collapse.

Then these fine, fiercesome females paired off in their free-for-all with one-on-one fights. It really looks more like a Warrioress War than just three separate fights going on at the same time. Bras go flying in every direction in a frenzy, leaving full, rounded, ripe, vulnerable breasts open to attack. These brawling bitches from Britain asked no quarter and certainly gave none as they mauled and mangled one another. Perspiration flowed like the River Thames running through London as these English Hellcats punished each other.

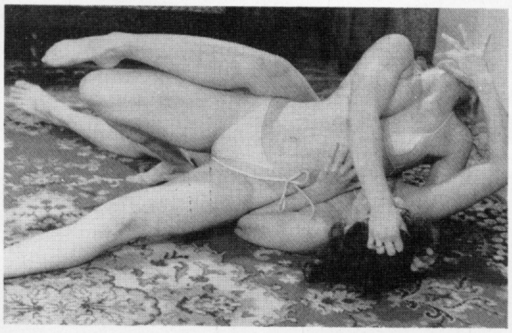


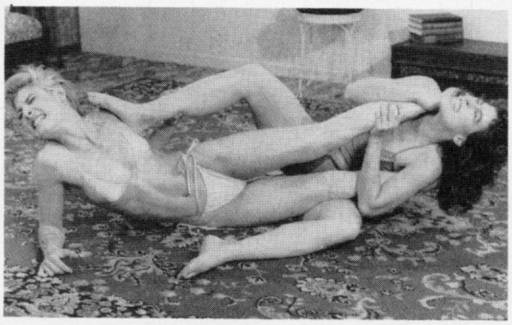
TRIXIE VS. MISSY MORGAN

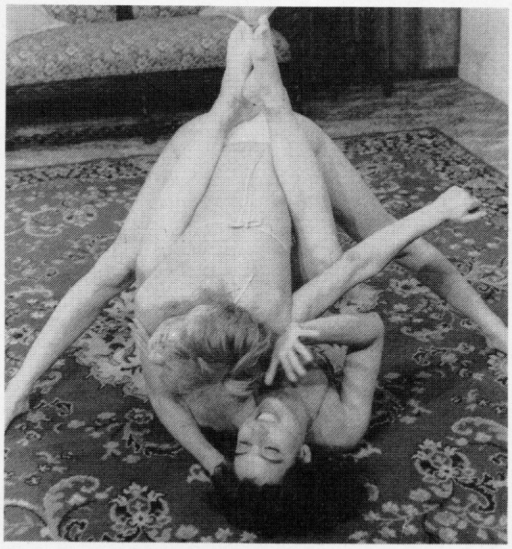
Trixie and Missy Morgan are both outstanding apartment / penthouse fighters and they share a skillful knowledge of professional wrestling. Their expertise is more than amply demonstrated in this brutal bikini battle they recently had. Missy may have a slight advantage due to her taking up the sport and training techniques of body building and weight lifting. Her lean, beautifully proportioned, muscular body rippled with equal amounts of erotic appeal as well as power. Yet both women are rugged competitors and each had their work cut out for them in this blood-thirsty bout.

Missy may have lost some of her speed, but it's more than compensated by her newly developed brute strength. When their match began, Missy got the advantage with the help of some hair pulling and Trixie found herself sent sprawling on her back. The brawny blonde was just a little to anxious and got careless when she went to dive on the brunette's body. Trixie had a lot more "tricks" and used one of them by kicking Missy in the belly with both feet. Now it was the blonde's turn to go tumbling on the floor and Trixie used her leverage to control her stronger opponent.

You can see Missy's face, obviously contorted in agony, as Trixie goes to work twisting her foot while slapping her in the face with the sole of her other foot. The brunette executed one of the most difficult and tricky wrestling holds, but then she does tend to live up to her name. In a roll-over, reverse shoulder pull, she's captured the blonde in an almost escape-proof trap. It's a rare photograph that





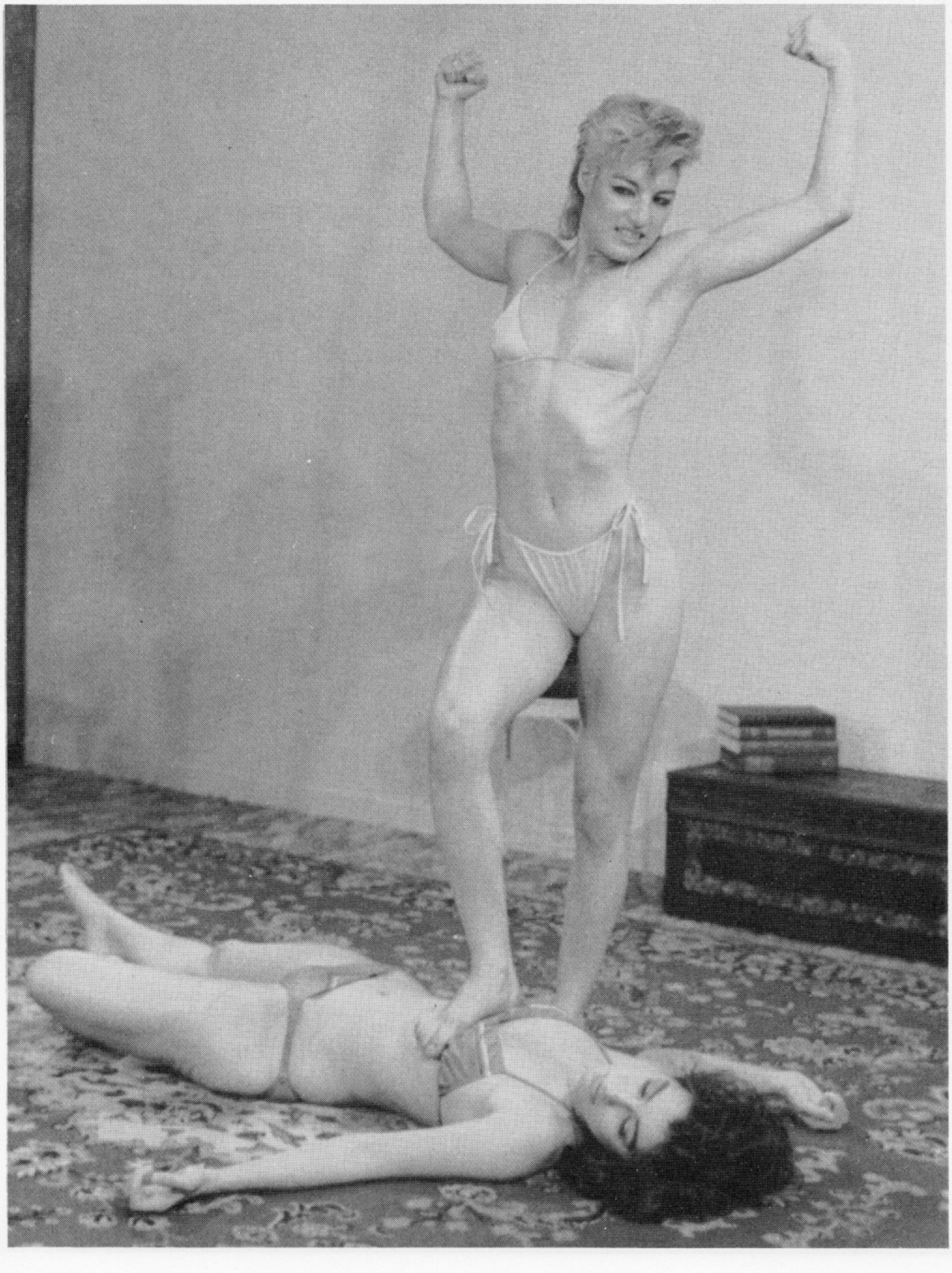


BACK-BREAKING BITCH

so clearly reflects just how powerful and muscular Missy really is, yet all that strength has been nullified . . . for the moment! Completing the roll-over movement, Trixie has Missy's shoulders pinned in an awkward bent leg-spread.

With a super-human display of awesome physical prowess, along with a trusty hair pull, the blonde finally managed to dislodge her fierce foe. In a tangle of arms and robust thighs, Missy landed behind Trixie as they both stood up. In a rarely seen move, the blonde actually mounted her opponent, then using her weight, drove the brunette back down on the floor. Now it was Missy's big chance to use all of that formidable power, which is precisely what she did. In an astonishing demonstration of just how strong she really is, Missy trapped Trixie in a modified backbreaker hold. Then, as she'd learned in weight lifting, she did a real live body press. From her kneeling position, Missy rose to a standing position, with Trixie's squirming body stretched across her powerful shoulders. The brunette was screaming in anguish just before she was brutally body slammed to the carpet, fresh out of tricks and utterly defeated.

BACK-BREAKING BITCH



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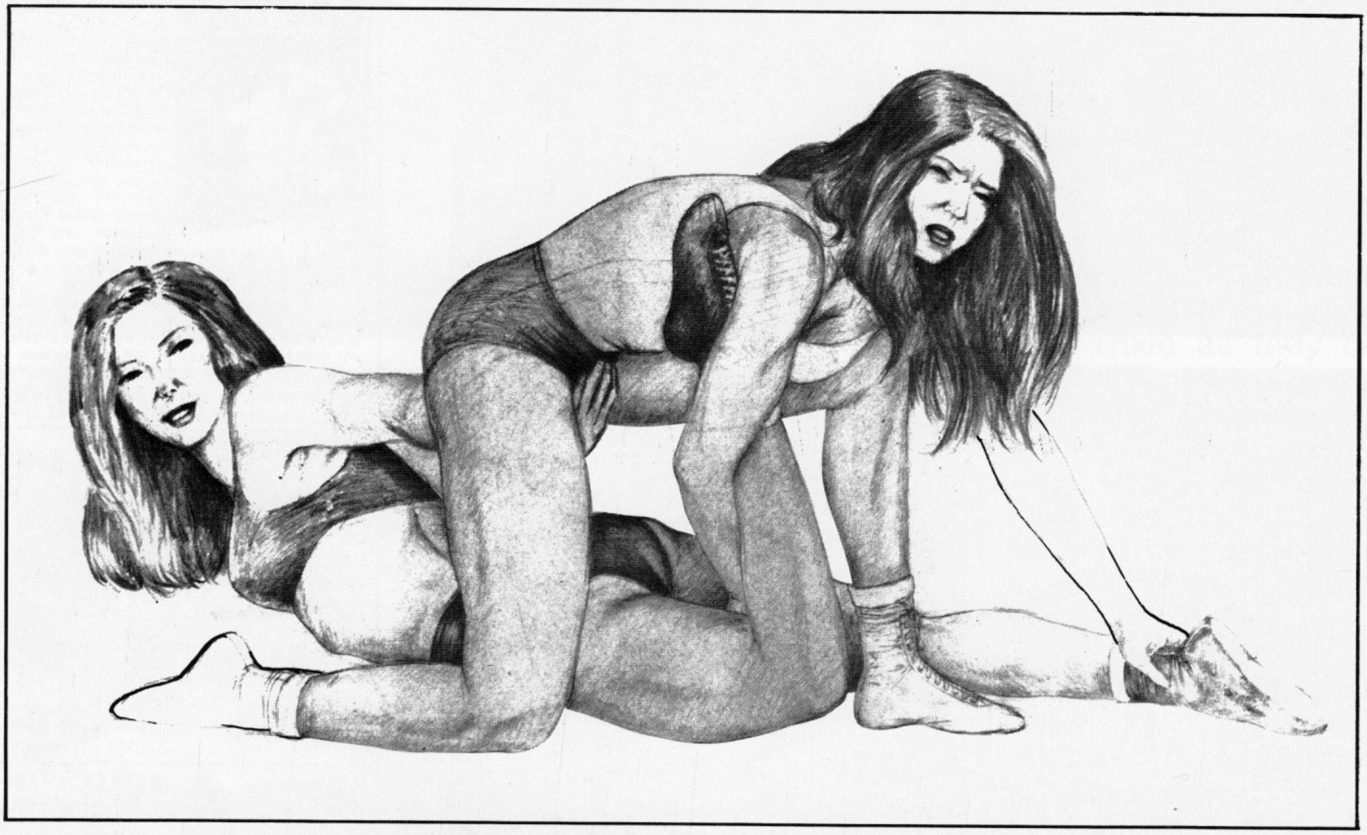
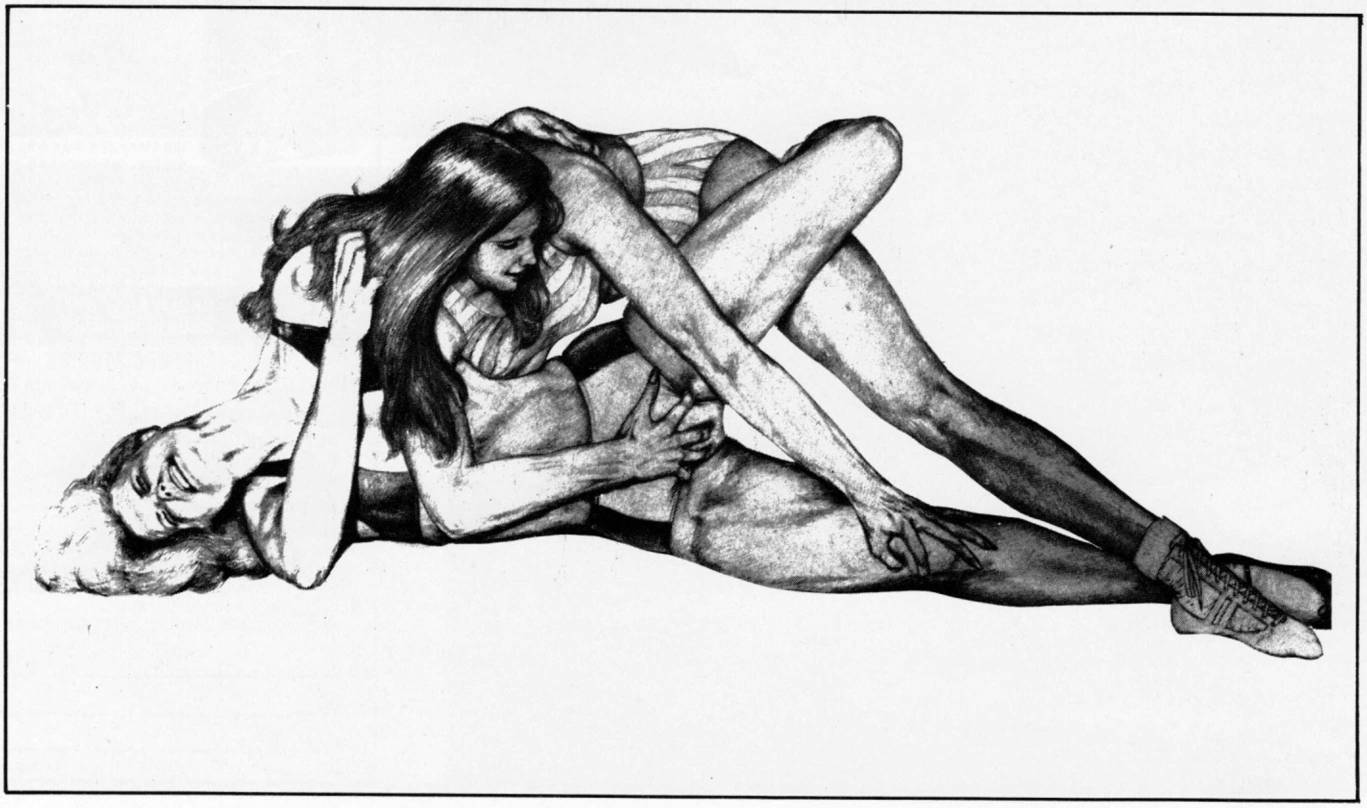
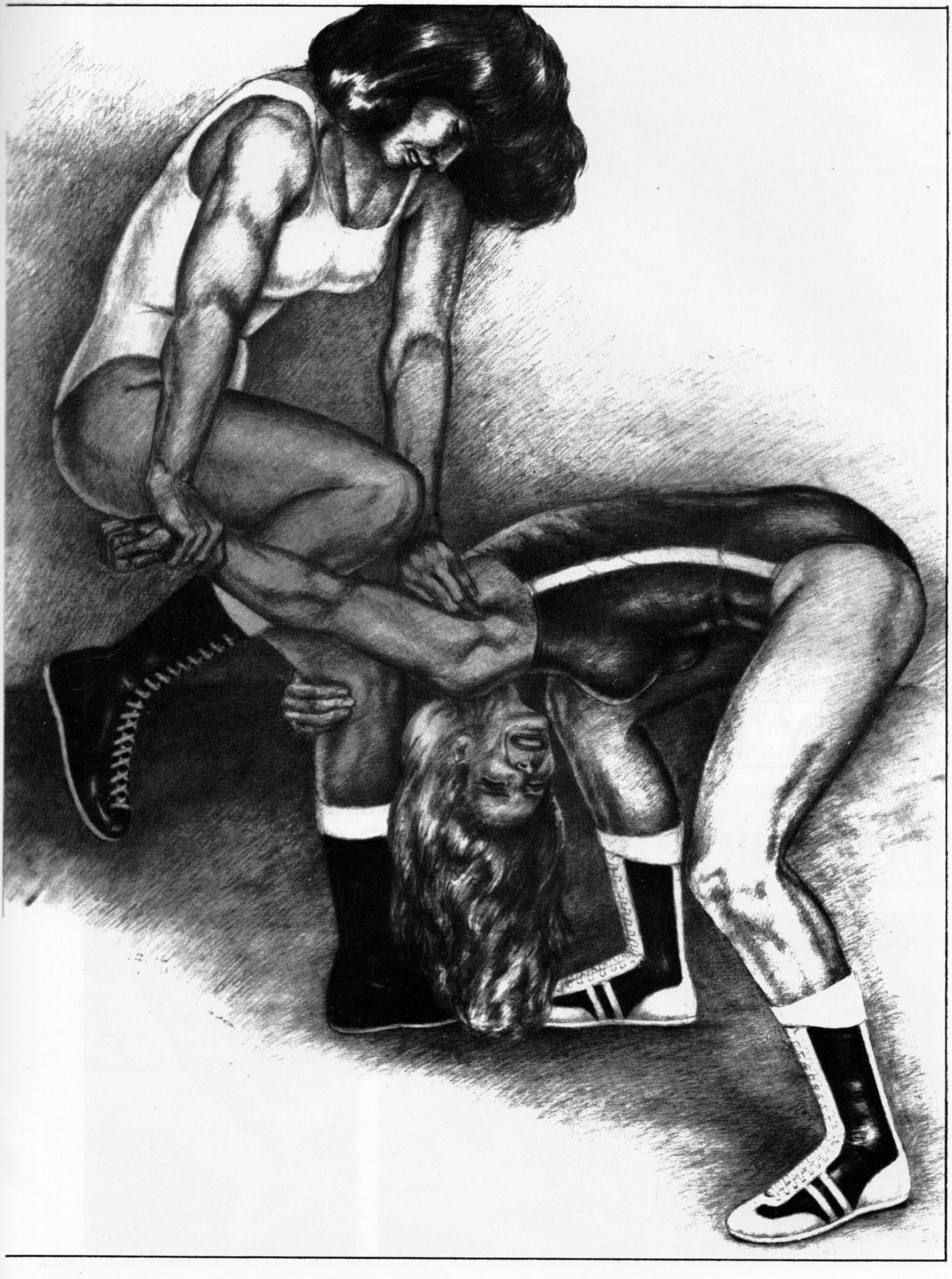
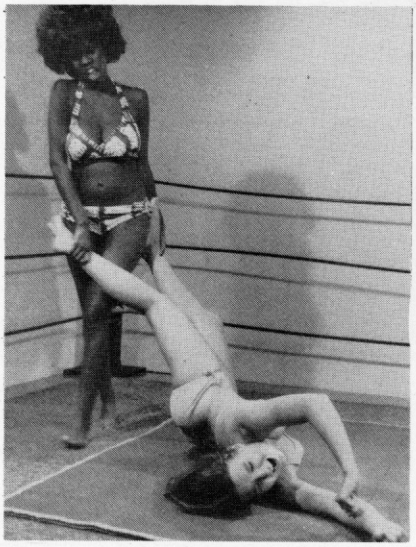


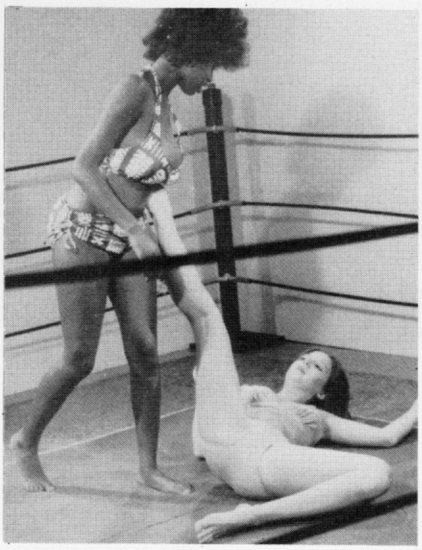


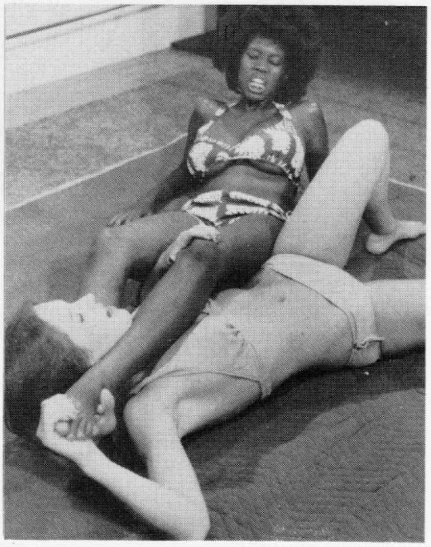


KITTY BECOMES A TIGRESS

DOMINIQUE VS. KITTY WELDON





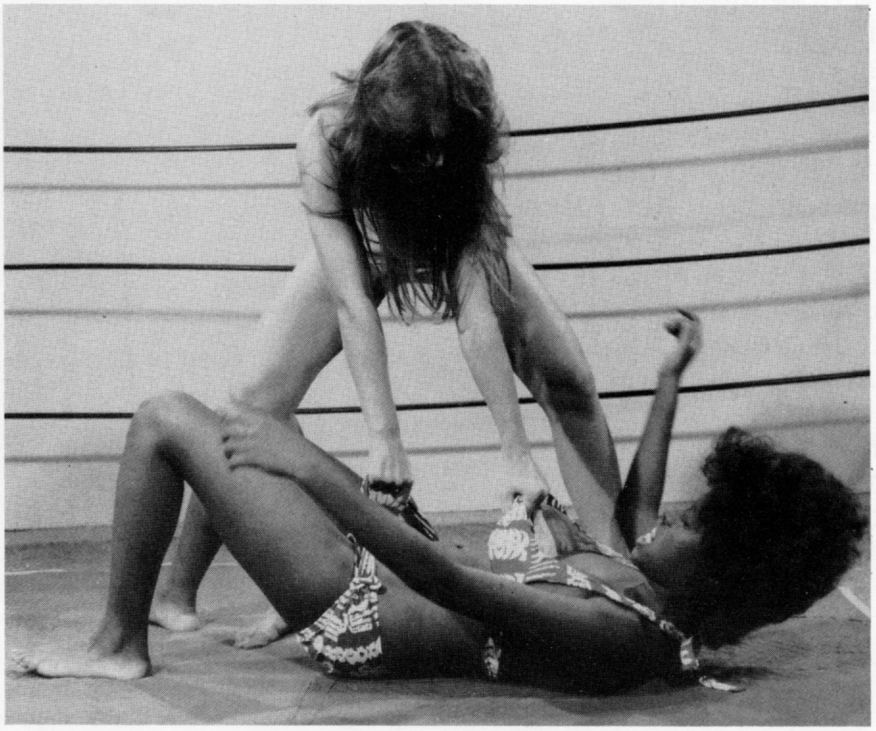


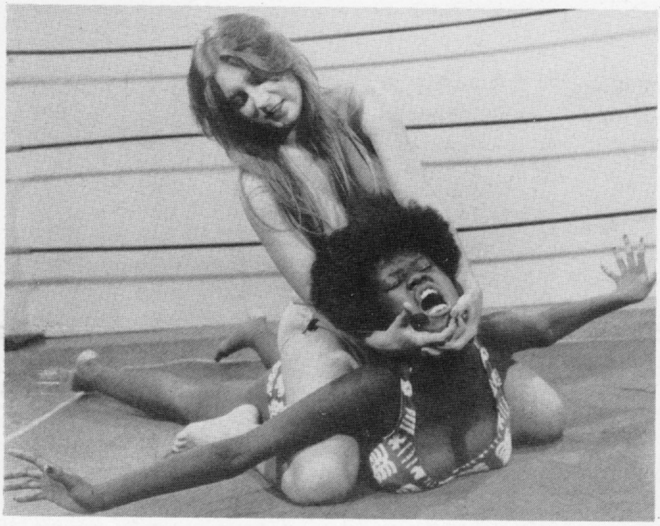
Dominique had recently taken on the traits of a bully and due to her Amazonian size and dimensions, for the most part she could back it up in the ring. This big, busty, Black beauty was a fierce fighter and didn't feel the least bit shy in bragging about her physical prowess.

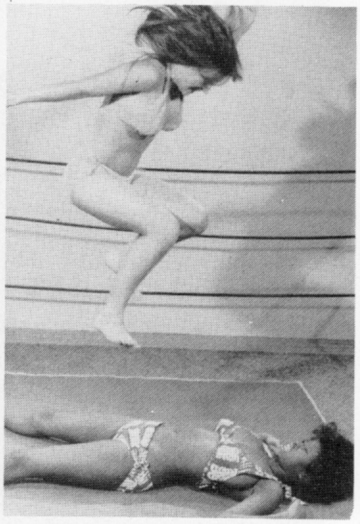
Kitty Weldon had been away from the penthouse wrestling scene for a few months as she'd been enrolled in a karate conditioning course and had finished first in her class. Upon encountering Dominique in a gym, Kitty couldn't help but overhear the big Black boasting how there didn't seem to be any competition for her. Then looking directly at Kitty, she added fuel to the fire, saying, „There isn't a white bitch in this gym that could last more then three minutes against me!!"

Kitty rose to the challenge and confronted the Black giantess, issuing a quiet, simple challenge of her own, "I don't think you could even beat me in an arm wrestling contest! All I see and hear is a big, flabby, black bag of bullshit!" Everyone was astonished by this confrontation and dare, for Dominique stood nearly half a head taller than Kitty and outweighed her by at least 35 pounds. Dominique laughingly accepted the challenge and the two women layed down on the floor and locked hands. The busty Black didn't realize that Kitty had highly developed powers of concentration that could far surpass mere physical strength. Dominique grunted and strained, pushing with all her formidable strength, yet Kitty's arm didn't budge a millimeter. Then ever so slowly, the Black's heavy, muscular arm began to go down as Kitty smiled at her. In a fit of rage and humiliation, Dominique's elbow smashed Kitty flush across the jaw, knocking her half unconscious. The big Black got up and grabbed Kitty by both ankles, preparing to give her an airplane spin, but she was able to break one leg loose and drove a solid kick into Dominique's soft, flabby belly, Kitty was still dazed when she found herself caught in a partial leg scissors hold around the neck. The smaller white woman was slowly recovering her strength and senses, and was able to twist those long, powerful black legs apart. Using her weight advantage, Dominique rolled over and straddled the white woman, getting ready to punch her out. However, before she could get firmly planted, Kitty began kicking and bucking, landing a brutal knee smash into the Black woman's kidney. Dominique was knocked off and both fighters quickly scrambled to their feet.

As they stood facing one another, there just didn't seem to be any way that Kitty could survive against her giantess rival. Dominique had just taken a step forward when Kitty grabbed her left hand and delivered a devastating karate kick straight into the Black's face. Dominique dropped to the floor like a bag of cement and Kitty followed up with a painful leg stretch that had the Black howling in agony. The white woman went on a rampage to soft-

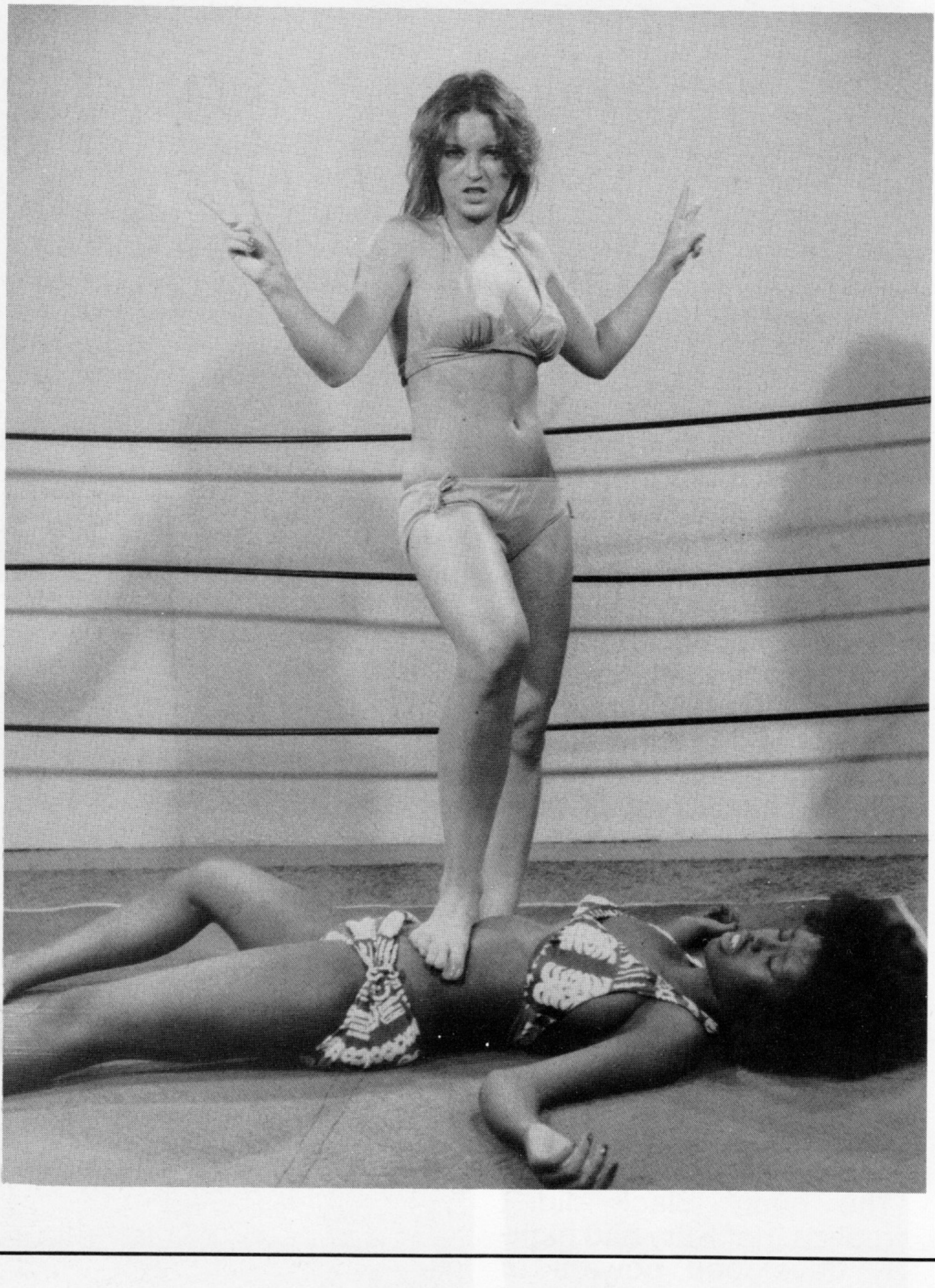






en up and take the fight out of her large opponent. Dominique let out a howl, sounding like a wounded animal when she was stomped in the crotch. Kitty seized the Black's halter and shorts, hauling the heavier woman to her feet and then strangled the Amazon, wrapping her small, strong fingers around her throat. Then moving behind her, Kitty applied a heartless hammerlock, forcing Dominique's arm half way up her back, until it ws on the verge of being broken.

Kitty was like a tigress as she completely overwhelmed the pussycat that just a few moments ago had bragged how nobody could beat her. After mauling the battered Black for a few more minutes, Kitty delivered the coup de grace in the form of jumping feet first into her helpless, fallen body. In the classic stance of victory, Kitty raised her hands in the symbolic "V" position as Dominique was indeed whitewashed!



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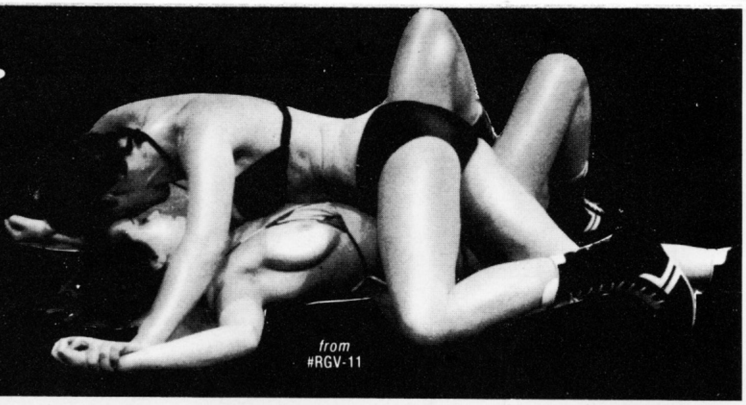

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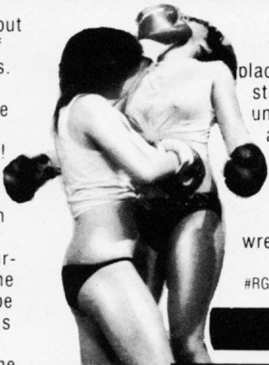
#RGV-6



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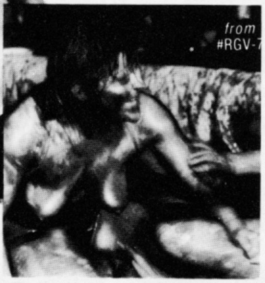

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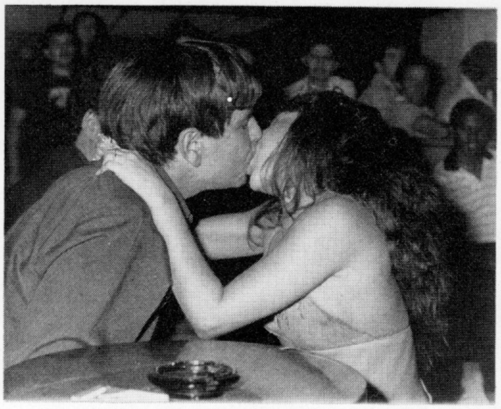


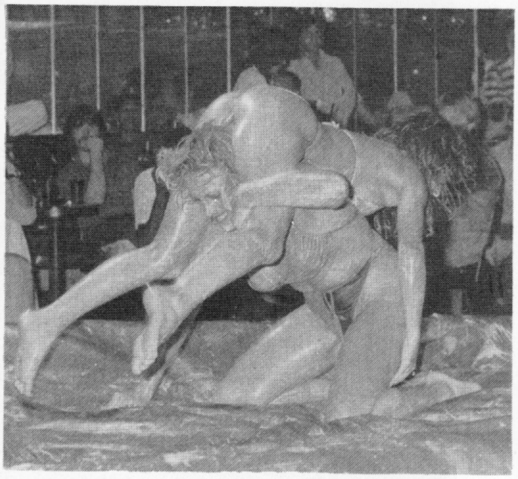
ALL WHIPPED UP

It has always been the policy of Fighting Hellcats to bring you the latest developments in every phase of nightclub, apartment/penthouse, ring, wrestling/boxing and fighting. You've seen our Hellcats battle it out in globby mud and then in slippery vegetable oil. Now feast your eyes on a wild wrestling match in gooey whipped cream and you thought it only went on top of a sundae!!

Sweet Savage is given a good luck kiss from her boyfriend just as her opponent, the Sassy Sailor, parades to the tub like arena. Those most definitely aren't scoops of ice cream under her bulging bra being given the whipped cream treatment. The rest of her lush, powerful body is covered in the creamy, sticky goo.

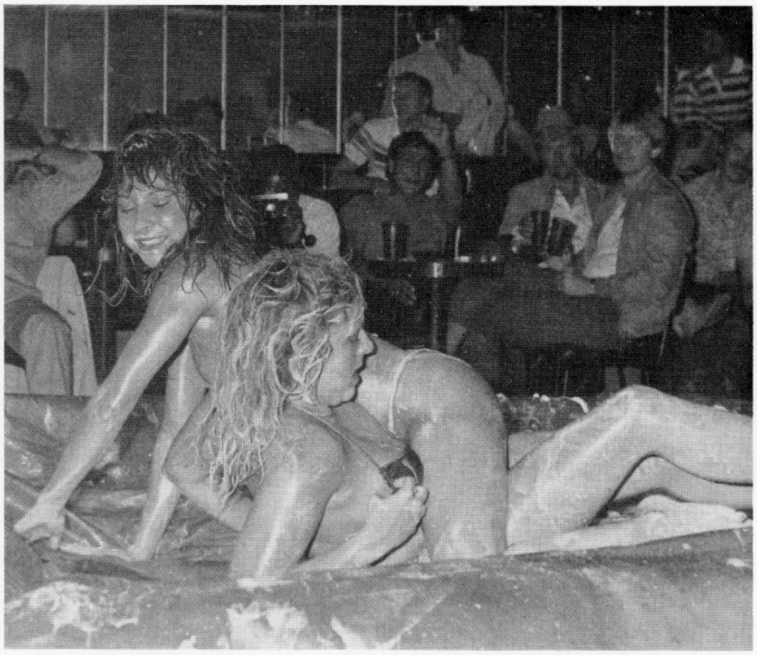
All that whipped cream seems to act upon Sweet Savage like spinach did for Popeye, although it sure isn't making her any sweeter, but it does indeed bring out the real savage. Their gooey bodies clash together like ice cream in a dish, while all that whipped cream begins to melt from their combined body heat.

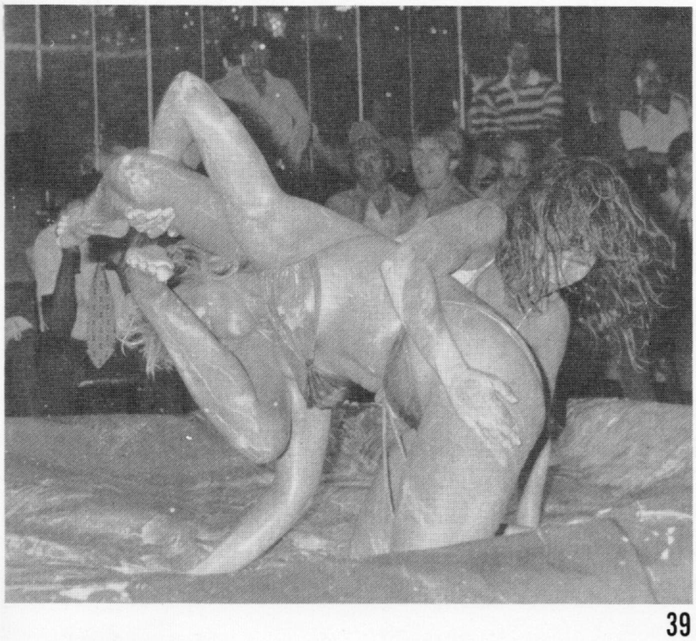
The Sailor is trapped, but then manages to escape, only to be caught again in a painful thigh scissors hold. Neither fighter can maintain a grip for very long as their bodies slip and slide through the sticky mess. Sweet Savage slowly begins to dominate and Sassy Sailor is taking a real licking. The blonde is finally pinned and she's been royally "creamed!"

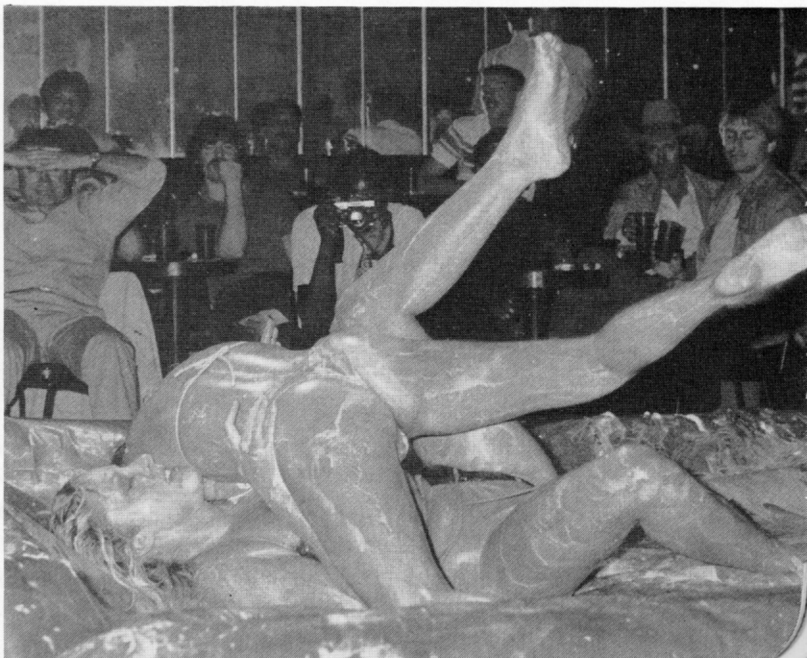


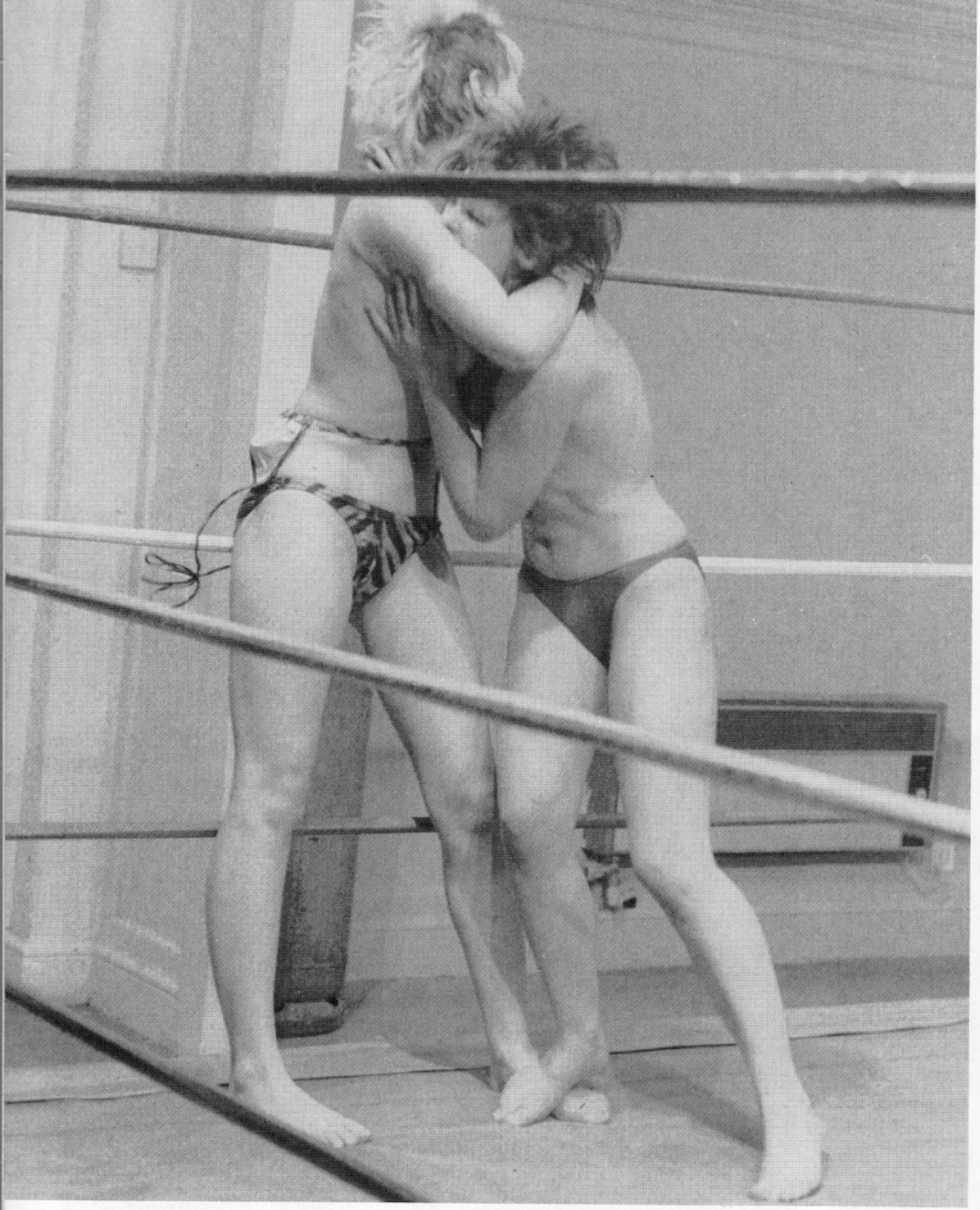
WHIPPED CREAM NIGHTCLUB WRESTLING

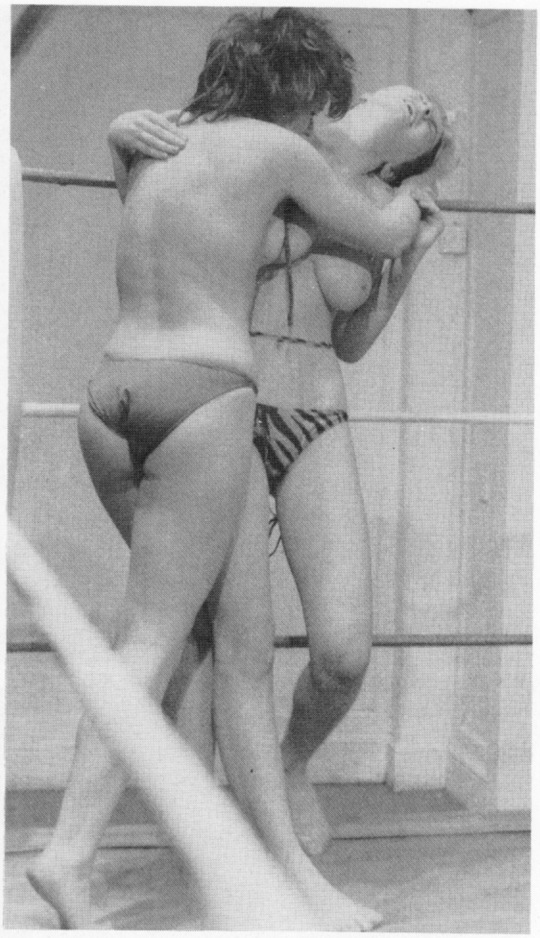
SWEET SAVAGE VS. SASSY SAILOR

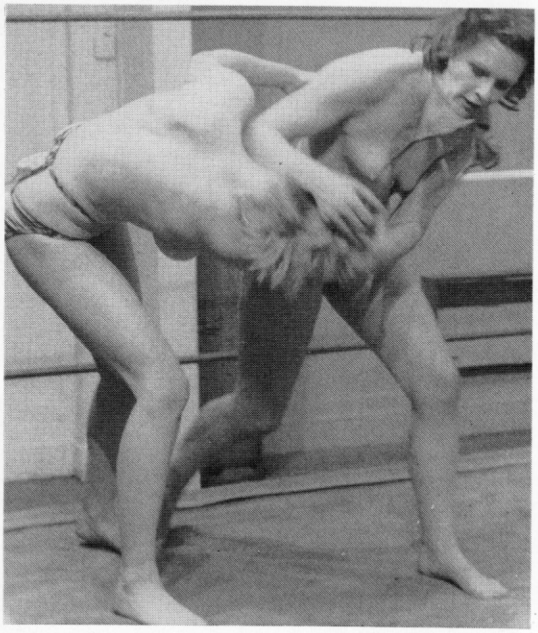












During a recent trip to Europe we were fortunate enough to be invited to witness a rather unique fight in Edinburgh, Scotland. It was indeed a most memorable battle that took place in the ring without any referee, which meant it would be no holds barred and to the finish. We watched a classic clash in contrast between two Scottish lasses and think you'll enjoy it every bit as much as we did.

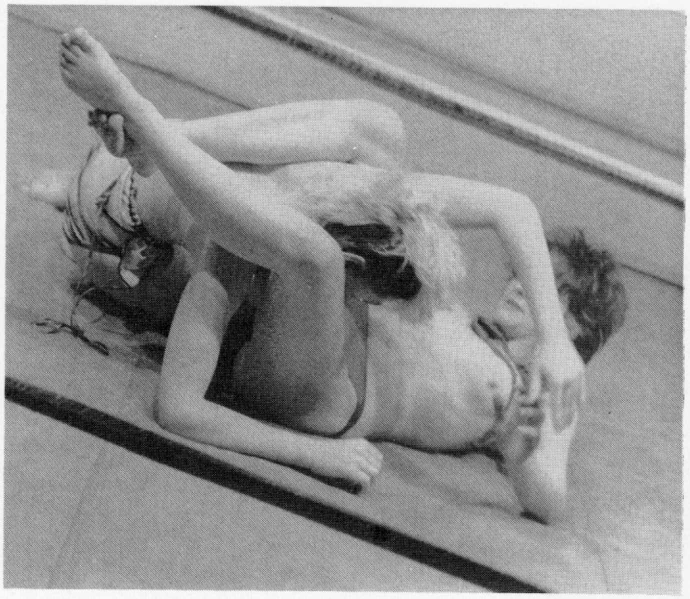
Penquin was a brutal brunette and could aptly be described as "The Lean, Mean Machine" and at first glance, would appear to have a severe

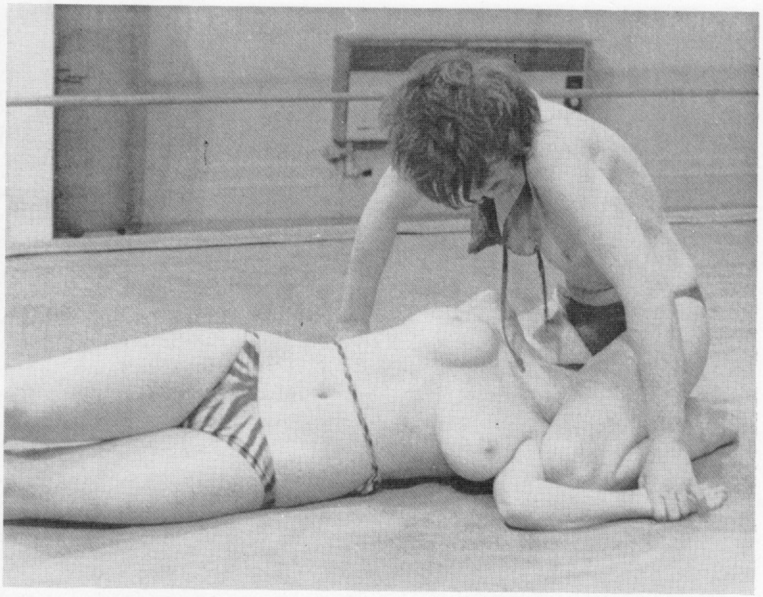
CHINKY VS. PENQUIN

TOPLESS TOUGH GIRLS

handicap due to her being considerably smaller than her opponent. Chinky was a big, beautiful, busty blonde, but then "big" isn't always necessarily better in a fight. Especially if that "big" refers to the overly large heaviness of a fighters breasts. In this particular battle, Chinky's melon sized mammaries not only proved to be a big burden, but were the source of her eventual loss.

These two lusty lasses agreed to fight topless and one can't help but think it was more in the form of cunning strategy on Penquin's part to suggest this than merely trying to please the spectators. Barefooted and clad in nothing more than skimpy bikini panties the fighters waited in their respective corners for the bell to sound. At is rang, Penquin charged across the ring and caught Chinky before she could even get out of her corner. The contrast in their comparative size can be clearly seen as the brutal brunette smashed her heel down on the blonde's instep. Before Chinky could scream out in pain,



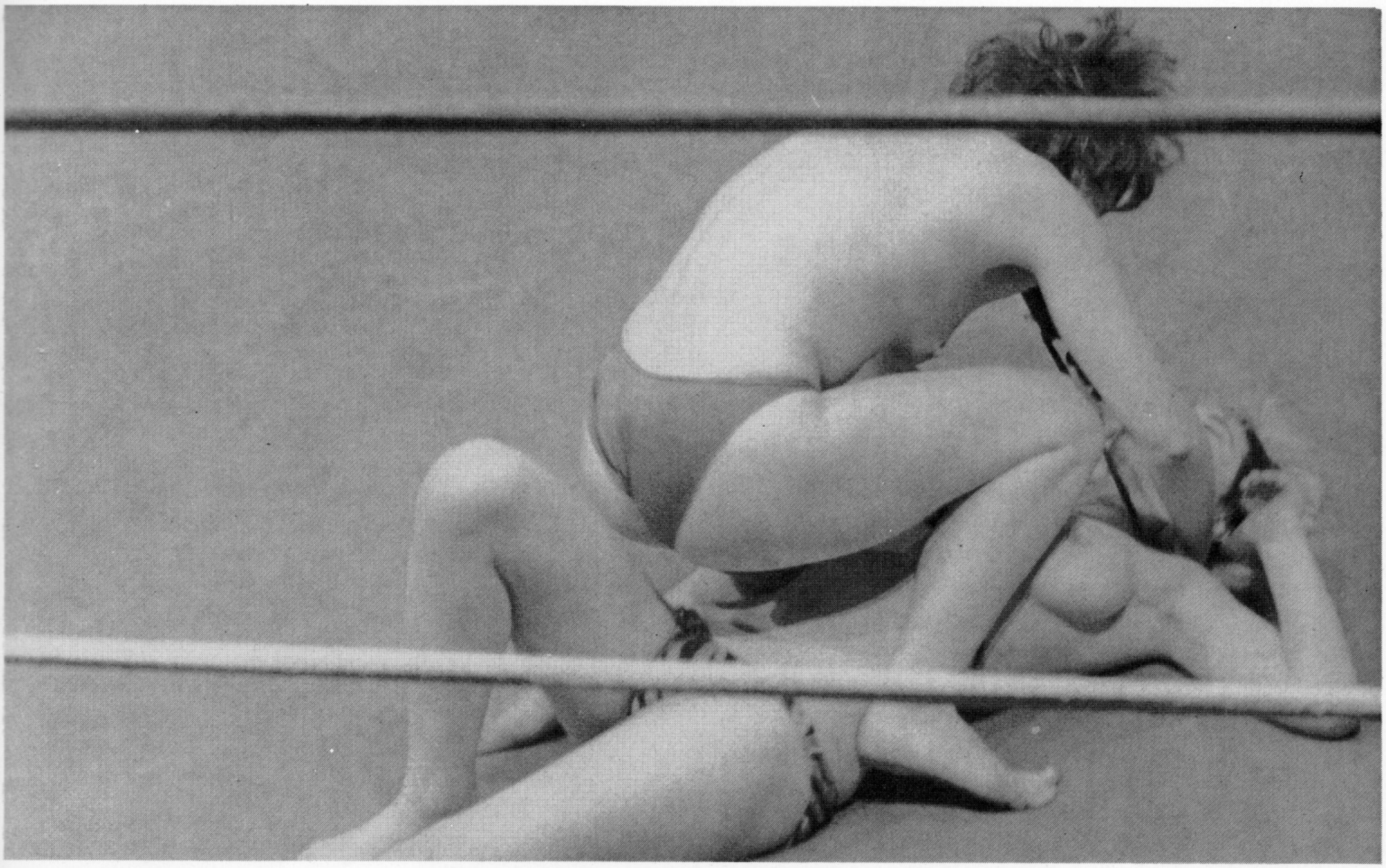


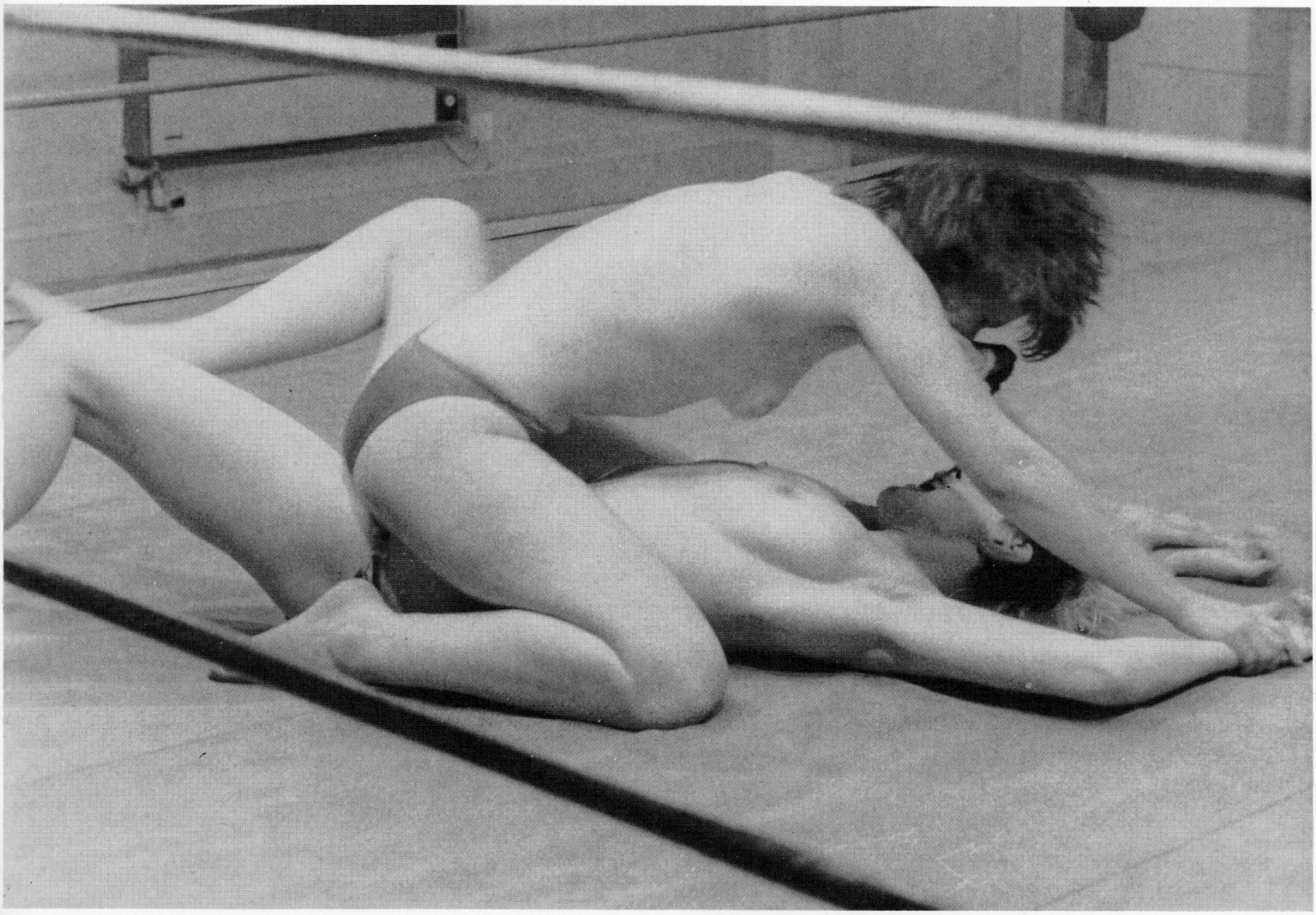
Penquin grabbed her hair with one hand and squeezed her tender tit with the other. It was a highly erotic sight to see solid, but slender built brunette so totally overwhelm her bigger, beefy, buxom, blonde opponent. Penquin shoved Chinky into the ropes and then as she bounced off the, got two handfulls of hair and threw the big blonde to the mat.

It was like watching a real life female David utterly overpowering a feminine Goliath. Penquin wrapped her sinewy legs around Chinky's neck in a crushing leg scissors and then raised her own body off the mat so as to increase the painful pressure even more. Chinky looked as if she was more of a harmless sparring partner than a real opponent as Penquin was completely dominating this one way fight. She rolled the big blonde over on to her back and then trapped her in a humiliating reverse face smother straddle. The brunette's tight, shapely butt was firmly planted on Chinky's face, while her arms were painfully pinned to the mat with Penquin's knees digging into them.

Penquin couldn't help but laugh as she pounded her small, hard fist into Chinky's soft belly, dropping it like a hammer hitting nails. It was a mammary massacre as Penquin drove her knee into the vulnerable fullness of Chinky's big boob. The blonde tried to squirm out from under the brunette's ass, but it only brought her even more punishment when Penquin held her by the wrist and squeezed that tortured tit.

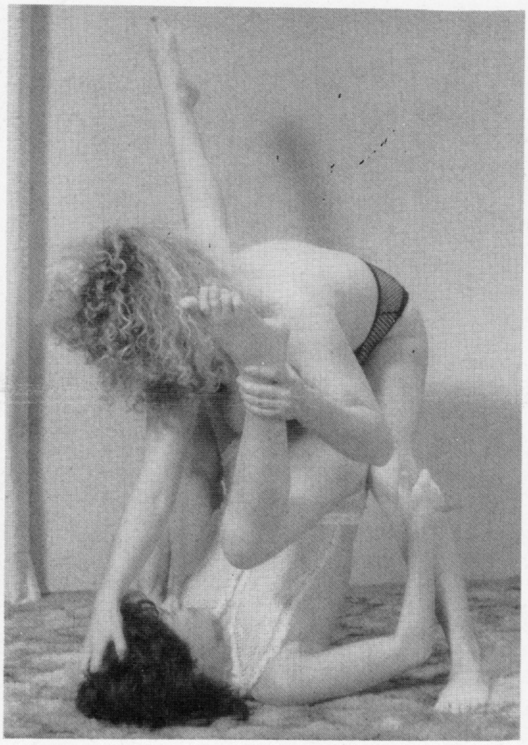
Chinky was crying and howling in pain as the end finally came and she found herself turned over on her back. Penquin squatted over the blonde's battered body and then plopped her ass down into Chinky's stomach. The big blonde was badly beaten as she felt her shoulders and arms pinned to the mat in humiliating defeat.

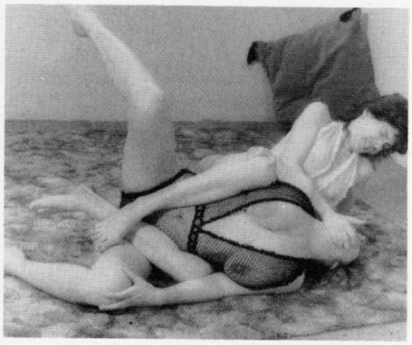


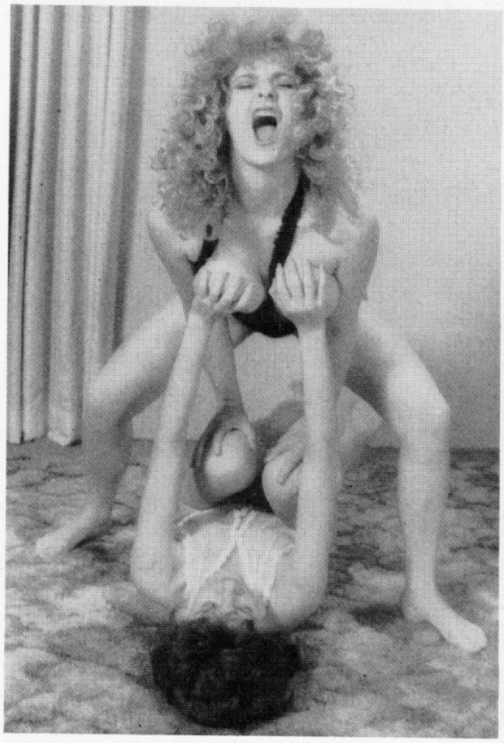


BIG TIT TUSSLE

LYNN ANN WILSON VS. SHERYL MOUNSELL



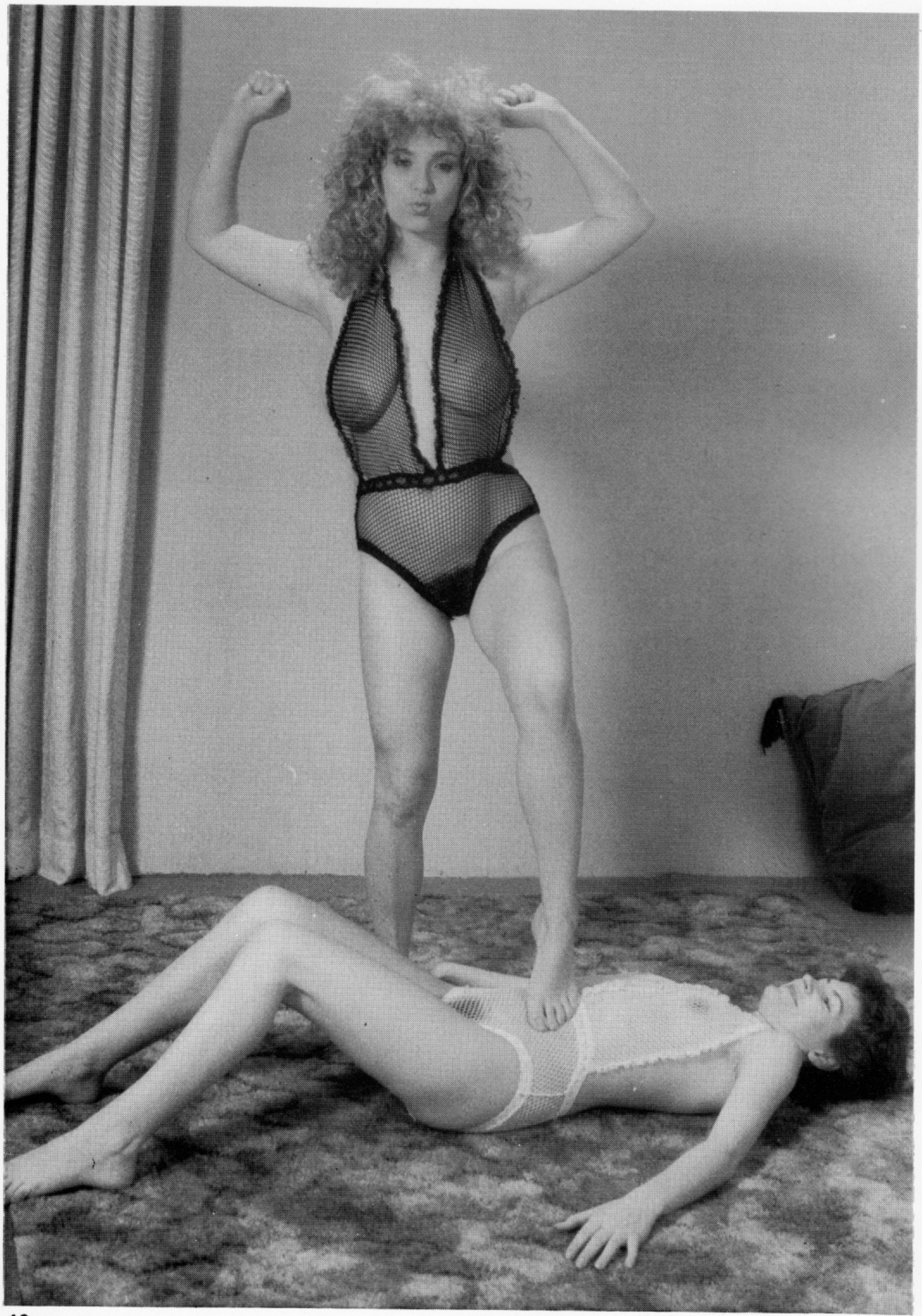




Lynn Ann Wilson had been shopping for weeks in an effort to find a unique outfit for her next penthouse wrestling match. She really wanted something different that none of the other fighters had every worn. She finally found a one piece fishnet style garment that left next to nothing to the imagination as to her lush body. Lynn had often encountered a problelm in wrestling because of her rather large, well rounded, ripe heavy breasts. They frequently proved to be a severe handicap, presenting a most vulnerable and easily grabbed target for her opponents.

As fate would have it, Sheryl Mounsell had purchased an identical outfit in white as contrasted to Lynn's being black. Now patience ws never one of Lynn's better traits and in a fit of jealous rage, she tripped the brawny brunette, sending her sprawling to the floor. Sheryl reached up gripping Lynn's hands in an attempt to slow her attack. However, the busty blonde bent over, seizing

hold of Sheryl's long, dark hair, banging her head against the floor several times. The big breasted blonde forgot that her melon sized tits were swaying like a pair of choice targets and Sheryl zeroed in on them with deadly aim. Grabbing a tit in each hand, the brunette viciously squeezed them and Lynn was screaming out in pain while her boobs were being mauled.



Using a tit flip, Lynn found herself thrown to the carpet, caught in a tight leg scissors hold around her waist, while being slapped several times. Lynn was in serious trouble when Sheryl began mauling those mammoth mammaries. It was more by accident than intention, yet it wasn't any less effective when Lynn landed a clubbing blow to the side of Sheryl's head. The brunette was dazed as the blonde used her beefy bulk to roll out from under Sheryl and then climbed on top of her. She never had a chance when Lynn viciously knee smashed her in the cunt, which took all the fight out of the brunette. Lynn drove yet another killer knee smash into Sheryl's crotch. Then pulling up her slightly torn fishnet suit, which didn't look the worse for wear and had been well broken in, assumed the classic victory stance.

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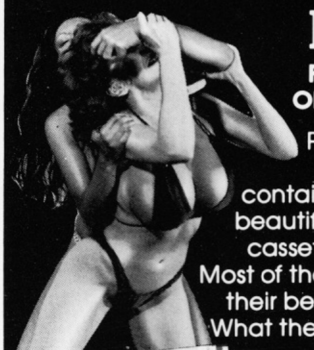

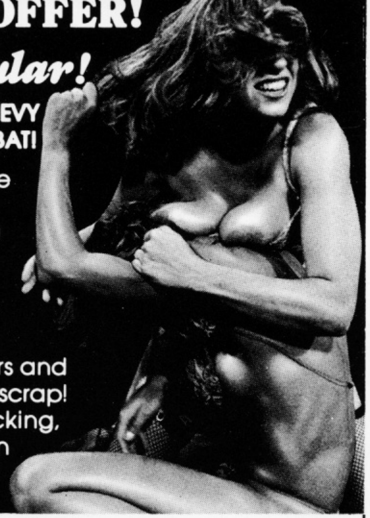

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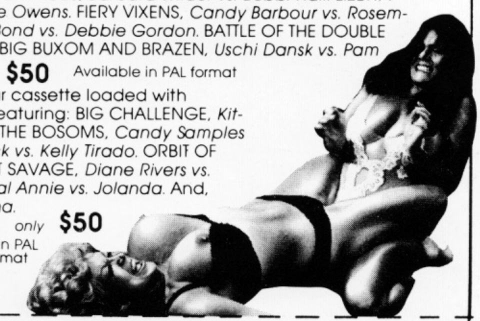

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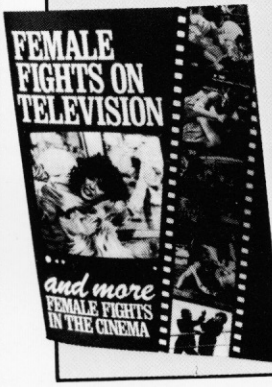
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